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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE *Journal des Débats*, the other day, in an article of more than usual causticity and severity, took Mr. COBDEN and Mr. DISRAELI to task for their recent deliverances, on the platform and in Parliament, with respect to the newspaper-press. In consideration of the shackles which now impede the free movement of the press of France, something must be pardoned to that eminent journal for the reproaches which it addresses to Mr. DISRAELI, who really and truly is innocent of any *lasc-majesté* against the press; but nothing can be more just and merited than the irony which the *Débats* heaps upon Mr. COBDEN. It was COBDEN who had the audacity recently, at Holmfirth, to counsel the British Press to abandon speculation, reflection, disquisition, and confine itself to paragraphs of news:—who can refrain from applauding when the *Débats* asks, where would this man of unadorned eloquence have been had there been no press to confirm and reiterate, as well as report, his speeches; or where would this "Cotton-Messiah" now be, had he not in the morning the newspaper to borrow ideas from for his speech of the night, and next morning a newspaper again from which to gather an impartial criticism on his speech of the evening before? With regard to Mr. DISRAELI, however, the *Débats* seems to have misperceived the drift of that right honourable gentleman's remarks. Mr. DISRAELI expressly disavowed all hostility to the press. "I am myself," he said, "a gentleman of the press, and have no other scutcheon." Mr. DISRAELI's remarks were directed towards the exceptional state of things which obtains in France, with a *parvenu* emperor, loosely seated on a shaking throne, and no less than two pretenders threatening an attack from foreign lands. "Were there," said Mr. DISRAELI, "a young Charles Stuart at Breda, and a young Oliver Cromwell at Dunkirk, it is possible that the morning newspaper would not be placed with its wonted regularity on the British breakfast-table." But this conjunctural reference to a hypothetical state of things is most innocent in comparison with Mr. COBDEN's explicit denunciation of the speculations of the British press as it is. Before now, Mr. DISRAELI has born emphatic testimony to the value of that press. In the most famous of his novels, he puts into the mouth of his hero, at a time when Parliament is supposed to be not sitting, sentiments which are equivalent to this:—"That although there is no Parliament, the country is adequately represented by its free press. And the inference is, that without any Parliament at all, at any time, the country could go on with perfect safety, were it allowed a free press. Where is the journalist so jealous of his dignity as to wish for more than this?"

GREG, the chief sage of the *Economist*, in a prosing article in the new number of the *North British Review*, on "France and England," has given it as his opinion that the abolition of the anonymity of public writing dealt a fatal blow to the influence of the French press. If this be so, why is there a censorship—why are there prosecutions of the press in France—why this fear of an influence which, according to GREG, has received a fatal blow? The fact is that, in defending the anonymous system, GREG is preaching for his own saint. GREG is the man who has imported into our periodical literature the manufacturing unscrupulousness of Lancashire, which will supply any "article" for which there is a demand. "Give me," says the editor of the *North British Review*, "a liberal orthodox article!" GREG gives it. "A liberal heterodox one," is the demand of CHAPMAN in the Strand, "for my next *Westminster*!" GREG forthwith adjusts his straps, and oils his spindles, and behold! CHAPMAN's demand is supplied. Scarcely is his ink dry, when the post brings a letter from the editor of the *Edinburgh*, requesting "a moderate liberal article;" again the straps and spindles are put in requisition, and the want of the Blue-and-Yellow is satisfied by the many-sided GREG. The poor British reader takes up a review and turns to the political article: "Tis the hand of the ingenious Brown," he says, expectant of a treat. Alas! 'tis GREG. He turns to another review:—"Well! this at least is by the thoughtful Jones." Ah! wrong again: 'tis GREG once more! A third quarterly is seized on:—"This then is surely the speculative Robinson's." A few lines, and the satiated reader, recognising the hand of the literary Marquis of Carabas, votes that *toujours perdrix* should be altered into *toujours GREG*, and discerns a new significance in the saying: "Man is a greg-arious animal!" Mr. GRAVE does not see why, as we have a coalition ministry, we should not have a coalition review with GREG for editor. In the coalition ministry one finds the Duke of ARGYLE, a *North British Reviewer*—Whigs enow, that have written in the *Edinburgh*—and Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, an old *Westminster* hand. Let the three reviews be united, and the grateful reader be treated to only one article of GREG's per quarter, instead of, as at present, to three!

The other day, in the House of Commons, Mr. BROTHERTON moved for a return of the number of stamps issued yearly to each newspaper, in continuation of that startling parliamentary paper which was compiled by order of the Newspaper Stamp Committee, and which so took by surprise the journalistic world. Mr. GIBSON and Mr. HUME supported the motion, which, so far as himself is concerned, THE CRITIC would no doubt have willingly seen carried, for it would have shown that he has nearly as many purchasers as were those who of old did not "bow the knee to Baal." GIBSON supported the motion on the very foolish ground, that only by the publication of such a paper could the circulation of newspapers in Britain be known; as if it were not the simplest matter possible to procure a collective return, or one giving the number of stamps county by county. Mr. HUME supported the motion on account of the guidance which such a return would give to advertisers, forgetting that extent of circulation does not always qualify for an advertising medium, otherwise the *News of the World* would be a better paper to advertise in than is the *Examiner* or the *Spectator*. GLADSTONE on the part of the Government opposed the motion, as leading to a publication of the private affairs of individuals; and it was withdrawn. The Right Honourable Gentleman, Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of Her Majesty's Exchequer, has no doubt private reasons for being adverse to such a return, which would not exhibit his own favourite and favouring newspaper as being in a very flourishing condition. It is creditable to the good sense of the British public that a journal like the *Morning Chronicle* (in other respects ably and honourably conducted) which exists merely to applaud the small clique of politicians of whom GLADSTONE is at the head—it is, I say, creditable that such a journal should be in point of circulation at the bottom of the London morning press.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL's resignation of the Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs, his retention, without salary, of a seat in the Cabinet as well as of the Leadership of the House of Commons, and Mr. CAYLEY's proposal that the latter should have a salary annexed to it, are matters of considerable indirect interest to the literary world. When his Lordship was examined before the Official Salaries Committee, he declared that he had never been in debt until he became Prime Minister—a post which he occupied (with a salary) from 1846 to 1852. Being in debt, what more natural than that he should eagerly accept, however unfit for it, any literary employment; and hence, no doubt, his editorship of the *Memoirs of Fox*, and the threatened appearance of a new edition of *The Life of Lord William Russell*. Should his Lordship remain a Cabinet Minister and Leader of the House of Commons without a salary, he will be tempted to engage more and more in publishing-speculations, just at the moment when it is most desirable that the literary world should be rid of him, and the like of him. The publishing trade is in a state of transition: it has exhausted quackery, and is on the way towards the patronage of merit and really meritorious enterprises. This progress towards the good is being disturbed and interrupted just now by a natural temptation on the part of Paternoster-row to take up with the productions of needy "persons of quality." Lord JOHN RUSSELL might do infinite mischief in this way. If he, the son of a duke, be taken into the pay of one publisher, another publisher will make overtures to a duke himself; another will seek to monopolise a marquis, and so on, till the whole of *Debreit* has made its appearance in the advertising columns of the literary journals. The finale of the transition spoken of will be indefinitely delayed; the bad books of "dukes, earls, and barons" (as Doctor PHILLIPS hath it) will still further corrupt the taste of readers and diminish the pecuniary resources of publishers. For every reason, therefore, the literary world must desire that Lord JOHN RUSSELL should have a salary, and, if necessary, it should even petition Parliament to that effect. By the way, the Messrs. LONGMAN are announcing more volumes of the *Memoirs of Moore*; and it is pretty evident that no improvement has been made in the editing, from the stress laid in the advertisement on a vignette and portrait or two, which the publishers evidently think more attractive than the worn-out charm of "Edited by the Right Honourable Lord JOHN RUSSELL, M.P." Nor must the subject of Moore be quitted without reference to a spiteful paragraph in a recent number of the *Athenæum*. According to the *Athenæum*, the movement for the HOOD memorial has failed, because it was conducted by some "gentlemen of the Whittington Club," and had neither DOUGLAS JERROLD nor Doctor PHILLIPS on its committee, not to speak of the absence of "dukes, earls, and barons." Well! these despised "gentlemen of the Whittington club" have collected more than 500*l.* for the HOOD memorial; how much has been collected for the MOORE Memorial, the committee of which contains, out of eleven members, nine peers, and the two remaining commoners are Mr. MACAULAY and Mr. LONGMAN? Not three hundred and fifty pounds! So much for aristocratic committees.

American advices bring intelligence of the arrival in the States of a project of international copyright, originally drawn up by Mr. CHAMPTON, our minister

at Washington, in conjunction with the late DANIEL WEBSTER; then sent to London for the approval of the British Government, and now received at Washington, where it waits only the ratification of the Senate to become an international law. The details of the project are said to be in all essential respects identical with those of the Copyright Convention already entered into with France; and two interesting facts connected with the treaty deserve a mention—one, that the *Africa* was detained at Liverpool four-and-twenty hours waiting the arrival of the merely literary document from London; the other, that WASHINGTON IRVING's presence at Washington is understood to be connected with the negotiation. Mr. THACKERAY, too, has arrived at Washington, lectures in hand, from Philadelphia. The great satirist has publicly declared that he shall write no book upon America; so that hospitality may go on offering itself without any fear of being quizzed. On one or two delicate subjects, the more readily that he has disclaimed all intention to speak ill of them behind their backs, THACKERAY has already addressed a word or two of public admonition to the Americans. The most notable instance of this has been in reference to the children of America—the most spoilt, the worst-behaved, and most impudent on the face of the earth. "Somewhat too independent, too free, enlightened, and republican for their tender years," Mr. THACKERAY thought, and Mr. THACKERAY courageously said! While THACKERAY is being fêted in America, Britain expects the heroine of Black emancipation, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, and thrifty Edinburgh, throned on crags, is to welcome her with the results of a penny subscription. The Literary Fund may languish, the Guild of Literature may be in despair; but Scotland, always true to herself—the Scotland that let Burns die a gauger—has its pence ready for Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE; presumably because she does not need them!

Apocryph of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent appearance at Oxford in the new character of University Reformer, and the promise he and his friends there held out of unrestricted competition in teaching, learning, boarding, lodging, and washing on the banks of the Isis, Mr. GRAVE took the liberty of asking, in his last lucubration, what was to be done with the new quota of clever young men who were to be stimulated into intellectual activity by an expansion of the University system. The next day the Leading Journal propounded a notable scheme for the employment of young "men of genius;" they were to betake themselves to Hindostan and develop the growth of cotton there, so that Lancashire may no longer feel itself dependent on the truculent LEGGEE! The *Times* is very kind, but meseems it should first carry such advice to Mr. ROBERT LOWE, M.P. for Kidderminster, whose contributions to its columns have made him a Secretary to the Board of Control, and whose business it is to look after India and its cotton! Anything, however, is better than the self-imposed task of some silly young literary people in London here, who are collecting shillings and forming committees to drive the wretched Italians into rebellion against their Austrian masters. If these young people think they are imitating BYRON and his efforts for the liberation of Greece, they are very much mistaken. BYRON, at least, went to Greece, and was ready to expose his life; while these young people, safe in London, are hounding on a few ignorant Milanese to the gibbet and the fusillade. They will find plenty of work in the way of liberation at home. The Lancashire operatives are getting up a movement for "the Ten Hours' Bill in its integrity." Could not one's young friends lend a helping hand there? Noble Lords and Honourable Gentlemen do not work their lacques or their horses more than ten hours a day; and never at all in the stench of cotton-mills, or the puddling nastiness of print-works. True; the Lancashire operative is not so picturesque a person as the Italian; but, of the two, which is really the better man?

The sad atmospheric influences which dispense malignant colds (not sparing even Mr. GRAVE) and retard the vernal buds and blossoms, seem to paralyse Paternoster-row, scant both of promise and performance. An "enterprising publisher" has planned a new cheap monthly-volume edition of Mr. DISRAELI's novels, and begins with *Venetia*, in which the *Morning Chronicle* (with vision intensified by hate) detected a "conveyance" from MACAULAY's essay on BYRON. By the way, would it not be well for the Right Honourable Baronet, First Lord of the Admiralty, opener of MAZZINI's letters, and cause of the death of the BANDIERAS—would it not be well for him to refrain from sarcastic allusions to "funeral orations?" THACKERAY is to give no book on America; but instead of his light satire we are to have canting rhodomontade from the companions of KOSSUTH:—*White, Red, and Black, Sketches of Society in the United States during the Visit of their Guest, by Francis and Theresa Pulszky*. There is to be a cheap edition, too, of *Vanity Fair*; although a few copies of the old edition still remain on hand. LEIGH HUNT is coming out in a new arena with a promised *Religion of the Heart*; and now that FARINI has published a fourth volume of his *Stato Romano*, surely GLADSTONE (unless the small-sale of former volumes has damped his ardour) must be getting on with his translation of the third.

FRANK GRAVE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KNOX has undertaken the commendable task of reconciling the discoveries of science with the words of revelation. He says truly that it is one of the privileges of our century to find this more and more apparent as science advances. At first it seemed to be at war with revelation; but now that both are more closely examined, it is seen that they agree in substance, though not in seeming. Captain Knox's aim in this little volume is to show that the geological history of creation in the order of the strata indicates precisely the order of the six days described in the Mosaic account. He entitles his volume *The Six Days* (Hatchard); and it cannot be too widely circulated as an antidote to the rationalism now so prevalent.—Photographers will welcome a translation of M. GUSTAVE LE GRAY's little work on the *Wax Paper Process*, especially as it is very cheap, and it contains the best instructions yet published for the manipulation.—*Alastor; or the New Ptolemy*, is a new theory of physics, very difficult to be understood, and when found not worth the search.—*The Farmer's Manual of Agricultural Chemistry*, by A. NORMANDY, is a timely and valuable work, for it is both scientific and practical; that is to say, it teaches the farmer how to produce and employ manures, and also the reasons why; and without knowing the principles upon which practice is based, men do not work with confidence. It is illustrated by many engravings.—*What is Mesmerism?* is readily solved by the author of a stupid little pamphlet, who, like the monks of the dark ages, attributes to the devil what he cannot understand. We are surprised that in the 19th century a person should be found to write such trash.—Dr. FOWLER, of Belfast, has sent us a few pages on *The State of the Mind during Sleep*, in which he contends that the body only sleeps, and that the suspension of efficient thinking is owing to the relaxed and partially unadjusted state of the organs of sense, thus obstructing the organs of the mind; and he draws from it a powerful conclusion in favour of the immortality of the soul.—The latest accession to Mr. BOHN's *Scientific Library* is a new edition of *Lord Bacon's Novum Organum*, by JOSEPH DEVEY, M. A. Of course the possession of the work is with everybody only a question of cost, and here they have it for a mere trifle.—Mr. L. H. GORDON has sent us a copy of an ingenious essay on the *Sexuality of Nature*, designed to show that sex is a universal principle, and prevails alike in physics, physiology, and psychology. One of his instances of sex is knowledge produced by the mind (female) marrying nature (male). Can the force of folly further go?

HISTORY.

History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Son.

IT is difficult to account for the popularity of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON and for the immense sale of his books, since no one can be more destitute of the qualities which are required for a great historian. He has neither philosophical grasp and insight, political sagacity, accurate and extensive learning, laborious research, force of style, rapidity of narrative, nor pictorial magnificence. His histories are huge, pretentious, blustering, dreary, misshapen pamphlets, with a forlorn fact stuck here and there, amid interminable wildernesses of wishy-washy disquisition. He cannot tell us the minutest, most ordinary circumstance without drenching it all over with a bucketful of sermonisings; and, dragged and bedabbled, it comes from his hands with the imposing appearance of a chicken just escaped from a horsepond. All contemporary literatures threaten to die of diffuseness, and Sir Archibald Alison has the distinction of being the diffusest writer in Europe. Guizot and other pedants introduced the habit of going back, for the causes of events that happened yesterday, to the creation of the world; and our author, whenever he is at a loss for a reason why such and such a thing happened, drags in very unceremoniously by the shoulders those venerable gentlemen, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Sir Archibald Alison might have given us some tolerable historical compilations if he had been satisfied with being that which alone he is fit for, a compiler; but he must, forsooth, play the philosopher and the political economist, and overwhelm us with big words of Johnsonian moralising, trying to make himself immortal by the important discoveries that man is a mixture of good and evil,

and that human passions have a great influence on human affairs.

It is unfortunate to be born a third-rate rhetorician with a most common-place mind, yet to be misled by an insane conceit and an inordinate ambition. This however is precisely the case with the overrated writer before us. He never rises above the ground; he never pierces below the surface; but he declaims away with an air of Socratic infallibility which, though now and then amusing, is in general excessively tiresome. To demonstrate with improvisatorial prolixity that every nose belongs to the face on which nature has originally fixed it can only be for a moment entertaining when there is a deeper plunge into bathos; and Sir Archibald Alison's bathos is so sustained that it is not easy for him to dive into a profounder mud of hackneyed thought and wearisome verbiage. Yet we doubt not that there are numerous persons who consider that he is a very fine writer indeed. His sentences swell on the ear as if they really had something in them. He has a prodigious predilection for those sonorous redundances which disguise so effectually the absence of meaning. Not one reader in a hundred is capable of forming an honest and intelligent opinion of a book; not one reader in a thousand has the courage to express such an opinion; and Sir Archibald Alison's declamatory platitudes are exactly the feast which is most acceptable to those readers who do not wish to be troubled with thinking, yet like that intellectual titillation which is kindred to thought.

Besides, before the public deemed him worthy of attention or applause, he had already secured a large audience by the zeal and activity of his partisanship. Nearly all reputation in these days is sectarian. The true catholicity of literature, at least in England, is lost. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has produced the most monstrous and ridiculous mania of modern times, though greatly inferior to countless novels published during the last ten years; but then it represents, and embitters, and feeds the prejudices, and mutters the cant of a party whose bowels yearn with enormous promptitude and sensibility for all distant and imaginary suffering, yet are strangely indifferent to near and real sorrows and misfortunes. And Sir Archibald Alison, unable to appeal by living and potent faculty to the genius of the human race, sprawled himself into notice by the prodigal rather than the dexterous use of the crudest Jesuitisms in favour of a faction, which, whatever its faults, has never been ungrateful to those who serve it with ferocious and unscrupulous zeal. We have nothing to do with a man's politics or with his religious opinions when estimating his literary productions; but, if it is by his political fervour or his religious fanaticism that he has cloven a path to solid or seeming glory as an author, it would be the sickliest of affectations to leave this circumstance out of sight.

Now who would ever have heard of Sir Archibald Alison if he had not been long the obtrusive and pertinacious advocate of an obsolete political creed before venturing to hash-up *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates* into history? The noted hack of antiquated solidities was suddenly exalted by his fellow-believers into the Gibbon of the nineteenth century, the vaunted rival of the Whig Macaulay; who, by the way, owes, like Alison, half his literary prominence to his political servility. But when a sect or a party puffs off a very small man as a very great one, the credulous world is half inclined to consider him a great man too, and therefore it was quite in the course of things that it should regard the prosy, pedantic, pompous Alison as a mighty historian. This huge blockhead of a world likewise is immensely imposed upon by big books. It cannot, the poor innocent, suppose that a scribbler would perpetrate sundry scores of volumes on a particular subject without putting something in them; and, in fairness, we must confess that there is something in Sir Archibald Alison's incredible dust-heaps, if with due diligence you choke and poke yourself to death to find it. He has pillaged with most gluttonous haste the *Annual Register*, the columns of the newspapers, the man whom he most resembles, Caepifigue, and other dull Legitimist writers. He has thus pitchforked together a mass of information, small in comparison of the

waste of words which surrounds it, but large in apparent amount to indolent and ignorant readers. He is a penny-a-liner, with the lawless imagination of the penny-a-liner species tamed down into sulky soberness by the necessities of octavo volumes. Yet your penny-a-liner, though he is continually making discoveries of impossible things in Nature, and never grudges pathos and eloquence on watery graves, lamentable accidents, awful calamities, and kindred matters which are his stock-in-trade, knows himself and the limits of his art too well to mix with his touching chronicles all that is sophistical in political philosophy—all that is fallacious in politico-economical speculation. Macculloch, the drea-riest of a dreary school, he carefully shuns; Malthus he has never read; and Burke is to him a dim myth—a vague tradition.

So far the penny-a-liner pure is superior to Sir Archibald Alison, who would shrink into more meagre dimensions than a Bow-street reporter, if you did not allow him his full swing of schoolboy declamation on political events, problems, and men. How trying to our patience, however, to find him either egregiously commonplace, or egregiously in the wrong, whenever he breaks the current of his narrative to treat us to an essay on any of his favourite political topics. The paradoxes of bold, original, and independent thinkers are always stimulating and suggestive, and are often divine unconscious prophecies of humanity's grandest developments; but the paradoxes of a writer like Alison are merely monstrous blunders,—the ridiculous postures of hackneyed truisms—platitudes tumbling grotesquely about in drunkenness or delirium.

In the volume before us, the last offspring of a most prolific pen and a most unprolific brain, and in which six hundred leaden pages are occupied in telling us what would be better told in sixty, we have, along with an exaggeration of the author's tawdry magniloquence as a narrator, all his former infantile impotences and anile absurdities in the way of philosophical reflection. We must, however, do him the justice of admitting that he has seasoned the stale mess with a handful of fresh ponderings, which differ from the others only by their surpassing silliness. We should insist with less stringency on Sir Archibald Alison's literary defects if we were persuaded that he always wrote in good faith. But whilst we are ready to admit that his works, amid their utmost stupidity and aridity, give proof on the whole of a humane disposition and of a generous and honourable character, they contain traces not a few of the extent to which strong political prejudice may lead an honest conscience and a mind naturally chivalrous into scandalous misstatements of the plainest and most palpable facts. It is not our author's fault that as a historian he is a diluted Caepifigue and as a philosopher a diluted Burke. But intellectual insipidity makes moral obliquity the more obvious; while on the other hand, we console ourselves with thinking that if a man is a fool he is in the main a good fellow, and is sure never to murder his grandmother or poison his wife. Yet behold our poor Alison, forgetful of his mental exiguity and barrenness, disporting with statistics and things no less dangerous, as if he had the privilege of genius to dabble in a little decent wickedness.

To exhibit the pernicious effects of free trade policy, he attempts to show that the population of the United Kingdom has diminished since the abolition of the corn laws. You are left to infer that what happened subsequently to that measure, happened in consequence thereof. Now he knows, as well as any one, that two grand facts sufficiently account for the decrease in the population—that tragedy of tragedies, the Irish Famine, and the attraction offered to emigrants by the gold discoveries in Australia; that the horrors of the Irish famine were mitigated by free trade; that this country has been prosperous beyond measure or example during the last few years; and that there has been more marrying and giving in marriage as a natural result. Sir Archibald Alison may be as crazy as he likes on free trade, or on any other subject. This is not exactly our affair. If to be crazy amuses him, we see no reason why he should not be amused. But ought a writer of such vast pretensions to resort to tricks so mean to win the semblance of an argument in

his favour? We cannot even call it a trick:—we should brand it, if politeness permitted, by a much harsher name:—the impudent and idiotic assertion which the author hangs on the forehead of his protectionist logic, that the classes dependent on agriculture in England are nearly twice as numerous as those connected with trade, commerce, and manufactures. Let any one glance for a moment at London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, all our large towns, —then pass into the purely agricultural districts, —then think on the probability of this.

No cause has ever been served or can ever be served by such reckless audacity of misrepresentation. We are aware that a great deal may be said in favour of protectionism at certain epochs of a nation's history, and in certain conditions of a nation's being, and that Colbert was, perhaps, as right in seeking to achieve that for France by restriction, which Peel sought to achieve for England by liberty. We are aware that there is no more limited animal than your mere Free-trader. But for God's, man's, truth's sake, let us be fair combatants, into whatsoever debate we enter; and, if we must talk trash, let us not dream that it is improved by being served up with a sauce of malignity and lies. After all, however, Sir Archibald Alison may be seduced into what is apparently unfair, and really drivelling, by nothing more than the sound of his own speech. If a man has a meaning in him, he brings it out abrupt and strong, without much regard to the musical flow of the phrases; but, if a man has no meaning in him, yet cannot bridle his tongue, phrases become despots that drag him to and fro at their mercy. The less he has to say, the more he talks; and paragraphs are more easily doctored into shape when they have not to bear any weight of thought. It is our solemn conviction, and we cherish it as a charitable excuse for the dotage which this volume displays, that three-fourths of it were written, not because the author had a meaning, but because he had none.

The first chapter—a very sandy desert of glittering monotony, not relieved even by a single blossom of Scotch furze—is a long and most mournful Jeremiad. But do not conclude therefrom that Sir Archibald Alison is a melancholy person, or contemplates suicide. His sorrows are all artificial sorrows, and his tears swell the bulk of his book. We daresay that he is all the more joyous in private life from the weepings that moisten his pages. What would you have? He is hurried on by the inexorable phrase. This is his tyrant, and he must obey it. We once read in a sermon something about a patch of darkness perforating the Infinite. This, to be sure, is a very awkward and incomprehensible process; but then the phrase! Oh, the phrase! How grandiose and how exquisite! Now, why would you grudge our friend Sir Archibald his phrases? If he is their slave, why should he not get from them what he can? It is unfeeling, it is the very opposite of civil, to ask a gentleman who deals in phrases what he means. He has no meaning—he never had one—he is not obliged to have any, especially if he is writing for a public which patronises the most ardently and liberally those who are destitute of meaning,—an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* public.

If it were necessary for Sir Archibald Alison to have a meaning, we should ask him what he means by his thousand and one tirades on the currency and free trade;—what he means, when he speaks without reserve or qualification of the Socialists in France as the enemies of property, seeing that no Socialist has ever professed to be the enemy of property; that Socialism, however anarchic, mainly demands a better distribution of property; and that Socialism in France has as many different phases, has as much diversity of objects and principles, as religion has in England; —what he means when he speaks of the tag-rag and bobtail that gathered at Kennington-common on the 10th of April, 1848, round Feargus O'Connor, as representing the Democracy of England, or as anything but a miserable farce played to gratify the vanity of a vulgar demagogue;—what he means, when he says that increased education is a cause of increased crime; —what he means, when he maintains that the Sinking Fund would ere now have paid off the National Debt; that is, that a few sovereigns transferred from the pocket in your trousers to the pocket in your waistcoat will pay your grocer's bill;—what he means, when he avers that direct taxes are more oppressive than indirect, and fall on a limited class;—what he means, when, stimulated to more absurd antics than usual by

his currency mania, he most dogmatically declares that the Fall of the Roman Empire was brought about, not by the moral and other causes to which it has usually been attributed, but by a decline in the gold and silver mines in Greece and Spain;—what he means, when he noisily shouts that successful revolutions, by whomsoever effected, can end only in the empire of the sword, as if there were not countless facts to prove the contrary, and as if successful revolutions had not frequently overthrown the empire of the sword. But enough; if we were always to ask Sir Archibald Alison what he means in this volume, we should need to write a volume as large, and probably as unedifying.

What shows the author's utter lack of the historical spirit and the historical genius, is his incessant speculation on what might have been instead of what actually did occur. Something might have taken place or not taken place, if something else had taken place or had not taken place:—this is Sir Archibald Alison's leading philosophy as a historian, and on this he pounces when he has had a great flapping of his wings about the currency. It plays an important part in Scott's *Life of Napoleon*—Sir Walter always tormenting himself to find out what might have happened if some naughty persons or naughty things had been out of the way, or if some good people had been a little wiser at the right time. Now, it is the merest childishness, the most arrant folly, to babble about the possibilities of the past. You, Sir Walter, and you, Sir Archibald, are there to tell us events with a prophet's force and a poet's fire. If you cannot do this, please not to write; and, above all, do not write a dropsical, soporific pamphlet on the currency, and call it history. We can easily imagine, without the aid of your suggestion, that if Goethe had never been born, he could never have written *Faust*; that without Shakspeare we could not have had *Shakspeare's Plays*; and that if Napoleon had never existed he could not have been defeated at Waterloo. But history written after this manner, and consisting entirely of conjectures, would be far from entertaining, and is in the highest degree impious; for, if we believe in a Providential Deity, we accept all the past, whether in our own destiny or in the destiny of the universe, as a necessary result of God's nature, and we endeavour devoutly and humbly to ascertain what was, instead of blasphemously guessing how it might have been otherwise, which is the same as thinking how God could cease to be God, and allow human caprice to overwhelm divine purpose.

About a hundred pages of this volume are professedly devoted to an account of Literature, Science, the Arts, and Manners in Great Britain after the peace of 1815. Anything flimsier or feeblier cannot be conceived. The judgments given are commonplace and conventional in the extreme. Sir Archibald Alison has the affectation of being very comprehensive and lofty in whatever he attempts. In this chapter he is so painfully comprehensive and so daintily lofty that we end it, as we began it, without adding anything to our stock of ideas or our stock of information. We simply learn that the author can estimate authors, artists, everything, only by a Whig or Tory standard. *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Holland House* are the two instruments by which he tests all human excellence, all intellectual superiority. A blockhead is no longer a blockhead if a Whig or Tory periodical has praised him; and a man of genius may be the heritage, the boast, the glory of the human race; but the infallible Sir Archibald does not bow the knee to him as such unless he has been abused or praised by some Whig or Tory popedom. Carlyle obviously owes his place in a trumpery catalogue, marked by incompetent criticism, to the circumstance that he has been noticed, favourably or unfavourably, in *The Edinburgh Review* and *The Quarterly*. It is pretty plain too that when Sir Archibald Alison is obliged to mention a writer like John Stuart Mill, he has never read him. Altogether, this is the worst chapter in the book.

In addition to its many more substantial defects, we notice, without dwelling on, the excessive slovenliness of composition which distinguishes this volume. Yet if a phrase, an expression is more clumsy, more unartistic than another, it is sure to be repeated at least a hundred times.

Sir Archibald Alison is fond, like Ledru Rollin, of prophesying the decline of England. It is in a state of most rapid and most deplorable decline if we take this volume as a specimen of its historical literature.

ATTICUS.

Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III. From original Family Documents. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, KG. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

(Continued from p. 90.)

THE conduct of the Prince of Wales was certainly not calculated to relieve the public mind from anxiety during the critical and unprecedented interregnum caused by the King's illness. Instead of manifesting anything like filial sorrow at the untoward malady which had afflicted his father, and had plunged the whole nation into a position equally critical and perplexing, he gave vent to the most undisguised and unseemly expression of satisfaction at the prospect of assuming regal power. Surrounding himself with those brilliant panderers who loved to minister to his worst propensities, he gave unfettered scope to all the passions of a naturally depraved nature. "From the authority of a person who dined with him," writes Sir William Young, "I am assured that his melancholy, derived from the malady of his Father and King, is not of that deep and rooted sort for which 'no physic of the mind' can be found. Drinking and singing were specifics on the day stated to me." As if want of proper feeling were not sufficiently indecent, the Prince of Wales commenced active measures for overthrowing his father's policy. He allied himself to Fox; the Opposition became familiarly known as "the Prince of Wales's Opposition;" he made no secret of his intention of dismissing Mr. Pitt immediately the power to do so should be entrusted to him: and, lest his brother, the Duke of York, should be prompted to act wisely and adopt a more conscientious mode of action (of which, however, there was little danger), he took him also into his counsels, and associated him with himself in his career of dissipation and vice. The policy of these princes, and of the opposition now animated by them, was to spread exaggerated accounts of the illness of the King, with a view to precluding all belief in the possibility of his recovery. For this purpose the Prince himself did not hesitate to report the ravings of his father at the worst state of his malady; even the doctors were tampered with, to obtain from them an opinion adverse to the King's chance of recovery; and it is well known that the Prince of Wales went so far as to introduce Lord Lothian into the darkened chamber of his delirious father. Under these trying and distressing circumstances the position of Mr. Pitt was most embarrassing, and his conduct and skill can never be sufficiently admired. Maintaining a decent reserve towards the Opposition and the Princes, whom he knew to be inimical to him, he stood his ground upon the firm basis of the constitution, and declared every attempt to supersede the prerogative of the King as illegal and unconstitutional. In debating this question both sides were infinitely perplexed by the fact that there was no precedent to go upon. Never before had King of England been declared incapable of performing his regal functions during his life for any other cause than the breach of his coronation oaths, and the infraction of the Constitution. Fox, ingeniously enough, urged it upon the House of Commons that the Prince of Wales was regent, invested with full regal authority immediately, and *de jure*, on the incapacity, however temporary, of the King, and that the two Houses of Parliament had no right even to debate thereon. To this Pitt replied that such a doctrine was "treason against the Constitution;" that, upon any suspension of the royal authority, it rested with the people, and the people alone, from whom all power springs, to supply the want, and that to sustain the contrary was to set up that absurd assertion of the divine right of kings, which had been so long exploded. By dint of such arguments as these, strengthened by all the resources of a well-stored mind and a dignified eloquence which charmed even his opponents, William Pitt contrived to stem, and finally to turn, the tide which at one time threatened to overwhelm not only himself, but the entire nation. As an indication of the wonderful effect produced upon his hearers by this extraordinary man, we may quote the following passage from a confidential letter of Sir William Young:—

Pitt stands higher and higher in general estimation. As I passed the gallery to write this, the Marquis of Townsend caught my arm, and said: "A glorious fellow, by G—, Young! His speech is that of an angel."

At this juncture the King was placed under the care of Dr. Willis, a physician of great expe-



rience in treating cases of this description; and the hopes of amendment which the symptoms of the patient, and the confidence of the physician, continued to give, gave power to Mr. Pitt, unnerved his opponents, and strengthened the failing consciences of the waverers,—pleasantly called *rats*. His Majesty was at that time removed to Kew, and kept in great seclusion, under the sole charge of Dr. Willis.

On the 2nd of January, 1799, Mr. Cornwall, Speaker of the House of Commons, died, and Mr. William Grenville was nominated to succeed him. Knowing, however, that the present state of things was very unstable, and that all appointments, made during the King's incapacity, were liable to be revoked when he should recover, prudent Mr. Grenville was somewhat timorous about accepting the office:

"If the King recovers," writes he to the Marquis, "before Parliament is dissolved, it is clearly understood that my acceptance of this situation is not to prejudice my other views; and in the public opinion, the having filled this office, though but for a short time, will rather forward them."

So, so. Unless the King recovers, Mr. Grenville has but poor hopes of his "other views," that is, the peerage. He accepts, however; and Lord Bulkeley writes that "he has already stood the hoax at White's, where it was debated last night whether he should wear a wig or his own hair." After a division of the House, he was elected Speaker on the 5th of January.

And now the rupture between Pitt and the Prince was at its height. The "Household Bill," introduced by the former, had for its object the confiding the guardianship of the King's person to the Queen, and giving to her Majesty the entire patronage of the household; a measure which, in the opinion of the Opposition, and according to the language of Burke, tended to "separate the Court from the State, and to disconnect the authority to command service from the power of animating it by reward." The Princes, however, were actively engaged in getting together partisans; "attending the Beefsteak Club and Freemason's Meetings;" having "great hopes of a riot in their favour in the Parliament of Ireland;" and dispensing promises of rewards and offices with the prodigality of political gamblers, resolved to stake all upon a cast. The military arrangements were to be upon a superb scale. The Prince Regent, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and General Conway, were to be appointed field-marshal; "three of whom," writes Mr. Grenville, "never saw a shot fired, and the fourth of whom has not served for six-and-twenty years." All things appeared to be going on swimmingly with the Opposition; when lo! in the middle of February, the King was reported to be so well, that the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, was permitted to see him, and in a few days, by way of preliminary experiment, to communicate to his Majesty the public events which had taken place during his illness. The effect which this providential and happy recovery had upon the prospects of his Majesty's dutiful children may be best judged from the following extract taken out of a private letter of Lord Bulkeley:—

The Princes entered the King's apartment without any emotion, and came out of it with none visible in their countenances. The Queen only was present, and the conference lasted half an hour. I have not heard as yet, but conclude they were both rioting, —, and drunk last night at the masquerade, as they were at one a week ago; the truth is that they are quite desperate, and endeavour to drown their cares, disappointments, and internal chagrin, in wine and dissipation. The Duke of York plays much at tennis, and has a score with all the blacklegs; and in the public court tells them they shall all be paid as soon as his father can settle with him some Osnaburg money which he owes him.

On the 23rd of April his Majesty, attended by the Royal Family and both Houses of Parliament, went to St. Paul's Cathedral in procession, and returned thanks to Almighty God for his recovery. The Princes are said to have behaved irreverently during the ceremony; but of the King Mr. Bernard says, "he stared and laughed less than ever I knew him on a public occasion."

In the winter of this year, the Marquis of Buckingham resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, and once more returned to the dignified obscurity of Stowe. It is but just to add that his retirement from that onerous office, which he had honourably filled during difficult and stormy times, was marked by a strong expression of approbation by the Sovereign and the entire nation.

The correspondence for the year 1790 is reduced to one letter, which is from William Grenville to his brother, and announces the important fact that "Pitt wrote yesterday to the King, to propose the measure of my going to the House of Lords, and he has received his Majesty's acquiescence, in terms very satisfactory to me." In other words, Mr. Grenville is on the eve of becoming "My Lord;" a dignity which 1791 finds him fully invested with.

On June the 25th, Lord Grenville and all other good constitutional Tories were frightened out of their propriety, by news that came across the channel. "An unexpected event has happened in Paris;" and on the 26th it was definitely known that "the King and Queen of France were stopped at Varennes." The great struggle between the people and the hereditary dynasties of that great kingdom had commenced, which, after raging uninterruptedly for more than sixty years, seems as far from its conclusion as ever. In that great struggle England could not long remain neuter; but, before the declaration of that war which the aggressive attitude of France rendered inevitable, she had duties to perform which her statesmen were not slow to meet. Crowds of emigrants flocked over to these shores, to seek relief in this country from the persecution and disorder which drove them from their own. Large subscriptions were entered into for their relief, and Lord Grenville undertook the task of organising the distribution of such funds and taking such measures as should be necessary for preserving, under the circumstances, the internal peace of the kingdom. Paine and his followers were animating the revolutionary party in England to rebel, and to meet the danger it was found necessary to call out the militia.

"We have, I trust," writes Lord Grenville, "secured the Tower and the City, and have now reason to believe that they are alarmed, and have put off their intended visit; but we are prepared for the worst."

In the task of relieving the distressed Edmund Burke engaged himself, with the warm-hearted zealotry which distinguished him. The children of the poor emigrants, and those scions of ancient families who had lost their parents in the revolutionary struggle, were to be cared for; and Burke, co-operating with the Marquis of Buckingham and other charitable persons, founded a school at Penn, in Buckinghamshire, near Beaconsfield, the residence of Burke. In this scheme he appears to have taken the warmest interest; and we have a letter from him, detailing the arrangements of the school, rather in the spirit of an affectionate old pedagogue, than of that great statesman and orator, the triumphs of whose eloquence make us not ashamed when men speak of Demosthenes.

"Twenty-five boys are received," says he, "clad in a cleanly and not unpleasing manner, and they are fed in an orderly way, with a wholesome and abundant diet. . . . I see them almost every day, and at almost all hours; as well at their play as at their studies and exercise. I am responsible, that if they are left to me for six months, a set of finer lads for their age and standing will not be seen in Europe."

In December, the King of France was beheaded, and Lord Grenville immediately notified to the Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic that he could no longer remain in this kingdom as a public character. The ambassador retired at once, and a week afterwards, France declared war with England and with Holland. No sooner was this known in England than the King sent to the Houses of Parliament a message, explaining the causes of war; and the resolutions, founded on this message were carried in both Houses by an overwhelming majority. The feeling out of doors was entirely in favour of the war, and many of the most celebrated members of the Opposition voted by the side of Mr. Pitt. Among these, Lords Portland, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, and Loughborough were conspicuous; and the defection of Edmund Burke, from the side of his old friend Fox, gave rise to a scene seldom witnessed in so grave an assembly as the House of Commons. Wilberforce, an obstinate advocate of peace, was at last convinced of the necessity for war, and admitted that, strongly as he was opposed to battles and the arbitration of the sword, this was at least a righteous war, and one which the laws of God and man alike authorised and enjoined. The success which attended the operations of Dumourier, the consequent enthusiasm which was excited among the masses of the French nation, and the vast physical resources which that enthusiasm placed at the disposal of the Convention, gave an impetus to the war very much in favour

of France. To use an expression of Pitt's, "France had been converted into an armed nation." Add to these causes, the apathy with which the other continental powers looked upon the operations of France, and the occupation of Holland, and we shall find no difficulty in understanding how it was that this war could not be stifled at its birth, and how, when the Allied Forces did at last coalesce, they found an enemy of sufficient strength and experience to keep them for ten years at bay.

At this juncture, the interior forces of this kingdom amounted to 140,000 men; and of foreign troops, 40,000 were in the pay of the British.

At the close of the session of 1794, certain changes took place in the Ministry; in consequence of which, several of the influential Whigs, who had gone over to the ministers on the war question, accepted office under Mr. Pitt; the Duke of Portland became third Secretary of State; Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord President of the Council, and afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Earl Spencer, Privy Seal; and Mr. Wyndham, Secretary-at-War. It is to be assumed that it was in consequence of this political phenomenon (for the correspondence sheds no light upon the mystery) that, at this point, we find the discarded Thomas once more received in the bosom of his family, and once more addressed by the Marquis as "my dear brother." How far this *raccomodement* went, how long it lasted, whether Thomas was ever asked to Stowe, &c., &c., would have been interesting matter to know; and it is to be regretted that the noble editor has not enlightened us a little upon these points.

It is in August, 1796, that the name of Buonaparte first appears in this correspondence. At this time the future shaker of the world was commanding the army of Italy; and *à propos* of a successful *sortie* from Mantua, in which the French lost 1500 men, Lord Grenville writes:—

It remains to be seen what effect it will produce against Buonaparte's army. But it is evidently too late to prevent the plunder of Italy,—the great object of that expedition.

The gloomy opening of 1797 was the climax of all the difficulties with which Mr. Pitt had to contend. The war had reached its most disastrous point. The French were emboldened by success. The Bank had stopped payment. Two mutinies had occurred in the fleet; one at Spithead, and another at the Nore. Ireland was in a flame; and the pressure from without was great to induce the king to dismiss his ministry. How the calm and collected genius of William Pitt met and vanquished all these difficulties, and enabled him to steer the vessel of the state through the imminent perils that surrounded it, is a matter for honest pride to every English heart, and for emulation to every English statesman. The perils of that time drew from young Canning, then rising into note, the eloquent pages of *The Anti-Jacobin*, and those pages never paid a more deserved or more heartfelt tribute to genius, to patriotism, and to statesman-like skill, than when they sung the praises of "The Pilot that weathered the Storm."

But it is time that we should bring this prolonged notice to a close. The deeply interesting nature of the contents, would not have warranted us in passing these volumes over with the cursory glance which memoirs, and diaries, and such-like familiar gossip commonly deserve. These papers possess a far deeper interest than that which attaches to the mere intrigues of a court, or the dirty scandal of a family; they have both an intrinsic and an extrinsic merit. Many a pang must it have cost his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, while laying bare the secret workings of an industry which, some half a century ago, raised his name and family to a position second to that of no subject in this empire; many a pang must it have cost him to remember how he has held in trust the vast fund of wealth, intellectual reputation, and honour which these ancestors delegated to his care. As to the manner in which he has performed his self-imposed editorial task, little can be said but that it is judicious. The connecting narrative, with which the letters are illuminated and explained, is, possibly, not so full as might have been desired; and the reader is, perhaps, too often driven to seek *aliunde* information to explain many passages in the correspondence; but what he has done he has done well; and he has done it so modestly and unaffectedly, that we should be loath to qualify our praise and thanks for so valuable and deeply interesting a work.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.
By WILLIAM STIRLING, Author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." London: 1852.

THE political and military career of the Emperor Charles V. has been rendered familiar to most English readers by the pages of Robertson. Later historians have shed much additional light upon the various public events transacted during his reign. But this was to be expected; and none but the puniest of critics would attempt to detract from the writer's fame, because, having only certain materials at his command, he either omitted some obscure facts, or failed to illustrate others, or was not always successful in tracing the motives to each action, or sketching the character of each agent in his history. These are blemishes indeed, but blemishes inseparable from the age and circumstances in which he lived. As it is, *The History of the Reign of Charles V.*, by Robertson, stands a monument of the industry and philosophy of the eighteenth century, while for grace of diction and charm of style, such as render it peculiarly attractive to the youthful reader, it is scarcely surpassed by any of our English classics. The resignation of his several crowns, and retirement of the great Emperor into private life, was a point upon which Robertson exerted his best skill. It was a crowning incident in his history, and he did well to lavish upon it some of his stateliest sentences. Unfortunately, however, misled by his authorities, he has, on the one hand, mis-stated several facts, and on the other, through an absence of materials which he could not procure, has omitted to furnish us with many interesting particulars of the life of his hero in the monastic retreat which he had chosen for himself. In this dilemma, where many must have felt, as it were by instinct, that something must be wrong and that much had to be supplied, Mr. Stirling comes most opportunely to our aid with his pleasing narrative of *The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*. It is compiled principally from a MS. account of the Emperor's retirement, illustrated with numerous original letters, by Don Tomas Gonzalez, formerly keeper of the Royal Archives of Spain, preserved in the Castle of Simancas, near Valladolid. This MS. is now in the possession of the French Government, and will perhaps at no very long period hence be published. Meanwhile, Mr. Stirling has obtained access to it, and, although not allowed to copy any of the letters *in extenso*, has made such good use of his opportunities, that we have scarcely anything to regret, since he has presented us with the substance of their contents.

We proceed to give a brief summary of Mr. Stirling's welcome volume, in the course of which we shall perhaps occasionally notice the mistakes or short-comings of Robertson and other writers, with reference to this period of Charles's history.

The Emperor Charles had contemplated retiring from the cares of government long before he carried his project into execution. In 1542 he had confided his design to the Duke of Gandia. In 1551 he resigned to his son Philip the duchy of Milan, and in 1554 the kingdom of Naples, on the marriage of Philip with Mary of England. On the 28th of October in the following year he abdicated his dominions in the Netherlands, in the most solemn manner, in favour of his son. Early in 1556 he abdicated the crown of Spain also in favour of his son, and in the same year placed in the hands of the Prince of Orange a deed of renunciation of the Imperial crown, in favour of his brother Ferdinand. Having thus bid farewell to all his greatness, he embarked for Spain in the autumn of 1556, in company with his two sisters, Eleanor, Queen Dowager of Portugal and of France, and Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary. The fleet that conveyed this royal freight consisted of fifty-six sail. The Emperor's own vessel was of five hundred and sixty-five tons burthen, and was fitted up with suitable magnificence. He was accompanied by a numerous suite, and was attended to Flushing, the port of embarkation, by his son Philip, by Maximilian and Mary, King and Queen of Bohemia, and by many of the Flemish nobility. On the 13th of September Charles embarked, but the fleet did not sail until the 17th, and in consequence of unfavourable weather did not reach the coast of Biscay until the 28th, when it cast anchor in the road of Laredo. In the evening of the same day the royal party landed at the ancient sea-port of Laredo, where they were received by the bishop of Salamanca and an alcaide of the Court despatched for that purpose by order of the Infanta Juana, Regent of Spain. Here Robertson, after De Thou, tells that Charles on his landing fell

prostrate on the earth and kissed it, exclaiming, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind." For this anecdote, however, there is no authority in the documents consulted by Mr. Stirling, and we are accordingly compelled to agree with him, although unwillingly, that it must be rejected as a fabrication. On the 4th October the Emperor was joined by his trusty chamberlain, Luis Quixada, whose letters, together with those of the Emperor's secretary, Gaztelu, are by far the most interesting portion of the Gonzalez MS. At Laredo Charles and his party experienced much discomfort, through a want of provisions and from other causes. By the exertions of Quixada, however, who appears all through the narrative to have been a man of sound sense and energy, most of the inconveniences complained of soon disappeared, and Charles set out from Laredo on the 6th of October, for the then capital of Spain, Valladolid. From the state of his health, which had long been infirm, owing to repeated attacks of the gout, aggravated by intemperance of diet, he was compelled to travel by easy stages, and in a litter. Accordingly he did not reach Burgos until the 13th. Here he was greeted with all the honours due to his great name and fame, and remained for two days, to receive the homage of the principal grandees, and give audience to the various deputations that waited upon him with loyal addresses. On the 16th he took his departure, and on the 21st arrived at Valladolid, where he was received by his daughter Juana, regent of the kingdom, and by his grandson, the unfortunate Don Carlos, then only eleven years of age. During his stay at Valladolid, and indeed during the remainder of his life, it appears from the narrative of Mr. Stirling, contrary to the statements of most historians, that Charles devoted much of his time to public business. "The Emperor," he says, "every day held long conferences on public affairs with the Princess-regent and the Secretary Vazquez. He could not approach the machine of government which he had so long directed, without examining with lively interest its condition and its movements. He was anxious now to give its present guides the benefit of his parting advice,—advice which, as the event proved, he continued to transmit from Yuste by every post, and which was ended only with his powers of hearing and dictating despatches." Neither does it appear that this interference with affairs of state was viewed with jealousy by those most concerned, or that his advice was unheeded. On the contrary, he was generally consulted in intricate matters; and even Philip II., the most sullen and self-willed of sovereigns, often deemed it politic to be guided by the sagacious counsels of his experienced father. Here too it may be remarked that there is no ground for the opinion generally current, that he was treated with any kind of neglect, either by Philip himself or any of his court; or that the stipend which he had agreed to receive for his maintenance, being one-sixteenth part of the rents of the Crown, and a share of the profits of certain mines, was grudged to him. There were difficulties in the way of collecting these rents, and Charles occasionally experienced some inconvenience in consequence; but the fault did not lie with Philip personally, but rather with the Spanish system of government, which he administered as he found it. Let Philip therefore have the benefit of this single virtue that appears in his character; namely, that he loved and revered his father, "the one wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, undervalued, or used ill." From Valladolid, after dining in public for the last time on the 4th of November, Charles set out for Estremadura, accompanied by the same body of retainers that he had brought with him from the Netherlands, and on the 12th reached Xarandilla, a considerable village in the Vera or valley of Plasencia. He was now in the immediate neighbourhood of the monastery of Yuste, in which he had determined to spend the remainder of his days. It was nearly three months, however, before he was able to take up his abode there, as additional apartments had to be built for his accommodation, and the works were not yet completed. He accordingly installed himself in the residence of the Count of Oropesa, where he remained during the winter months, dividing his time between business, the pleasures of the table, the pains of the gout, and the conversation of such distinguished visitors as came to see him. On the 3rd of February, 1557, everything being ready at the monastery,

Charles took leave of such of his attendants as were not to remain with him, "saying a kind word to each as he was presented by the Mayor-domo," mounted his litter, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon passed through the gates of Yuste.

The monastery of Yuste belonged to the order of Saint Jerome, which had early planted its standard in the Vera of Plasencia; choosing for its camp one of the sweetest spots of the sweet valley. Yuste stands on its northern side, and near its eastern end, about two leagues west of Xarandilla, and seven leagues east of Plasencia. The site is a piece of somewhat level ground, on the lower slope of the mountain, which is clothed, as far as the eye can reach, with woods of venerable oak and chesnut. About an English mile to the south, and lower down the hill, the village of Quacos nestles unseen amongst its orchards and mulberry-gardens.

Such was the spot chosen by the Emperor for his retirement; who, however, was not content with mere beauty of situation, nor the facilities he would enjoy for religious exercises and contemplation, but had also a reasonable eye for the comforts of life, although it was to be passed in a monastery. Accordingly, we find that the newly-erected apartments were furnished, if not with magnificence, at least with elegance and taste, and with a due attention to such comforts as an invalid who once had the world at his feet might require. In each of his rooms there was a large fireplace; he had an ample supply of eider-down quilts, cushions, tapestry, and linen; of gold and silver plate he carried with him as much as thirteen thousand ounces; and "it seems probable," says Mr. Stirling, "that his table was graced with several masterpieces of Tobbia and Cellini." This is pretty well for a recluse. But Charles was also an amateur of pictorial art; and the patron of Titian could contemplate in his retirement four works on religious subjects, and two portraits, namely, of the Emperor himself and his Empress, by that great artist. Tradition also states that he had two other works of the same master, and Mr. Stirling, no mean authority, is inclined to believe the report. Besides these he had several other paintings, sacred pieces, portraits, and miniature drawings, by artists of no inferior standing, if not compared with the mighty Venetian. Of books there was no great number, about thirty in all; but these were most of them handsomely bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, and some were richly illuminated. Music, too, lent a charm "to soothe the cares which followed him from the world." It is probable that he carried with him a small organ, the companion of his former years, while he took great interest in the performances of the choir, which had been especially reinforced for the gratification of his taste. Besides all this, Charles was exceedingly fond of horticulture, and the monks had surrendered to him all the conventual garden to be laid out and cultivated according to his own fancy. Here he planted his favourite flowers and watched their growth under the citron-trees near his windows, and there, a little farther off, he had store of vegetables and pot-herbs essential to Spanish cooks. Nor was he without his pet birds, whom he used to feed and tend with as much care as he bestowed on the clocks and watches of one Giovanni Torriano, an eminent mechanician attached to his household, and for whom Charles had a considerable partiality.

On the morning after his arrival at Yuste, Charles woke up cheerful and contented with his new abode, nor does it appear that he ever once regretted having selected it as the place of his retirement. The following is a brief sketch of his every-day life, when once fairly settled down at Yuste, unless he happened to be interrupted either by severe illness or pressure of business.

Every morning Father Regla (his confessor) appeared at his bedside to inquire how he had passed the night, and to assist him in his private devotions. He then rose and was dressed by his valets; after which he heard mass, going down, when his health permitted, into the church. According to his invariable custom, which in Italy was said to have given rise to the saying "*dalla messa alla mensa*," from mass to mess, he went from these devotions to dinner about noon. The meal was long; for his appetite was voracious. His hands were so disabled with gout that carving, which he nevertheless insisted on doing for himself, was a tedious process; and even mastication was slow and difficult, his teeth being so few and far between. The physician attended him at table, and at least learned the causes of the mischief which his art was to counteract. The patient, while he dined, conversed with the doctor on matters of science—generally of natural history; and if any difference of opinion arose Father Regla was sent for

to settle the point out of Pliny. The cloth being drawn, the confessor usually read aloud from one of the Emperor's favourite divines, Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard, an exercise which was followed by conversation, and an hour of slumber. At three o'clock the monks were mustered to hear a sermon delivered by one of the imperial preachers, or a passage read by Fray Bernardino de Salinas from the Bible; frequently from the Epistle to the Romans, the book which the Emperor preferred. To these discourses or readings Charles always listened with profound attention; and if sickness or business compelled him to be absent, he never failed to send a formal excuse to the prior, and to require from his confessor an account of what had been preached or read. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to seeing the official people from court, or to the transaction of business with his secretary.

His spare time was spent sometimes in Juanolo's workshop, sometimes in out-door exercise, and in other ways. In the evening "came vespers; and after vespers supper, a meal very much like the dinner, consisting frequently of pickled salmon, and other unwholesome dishes, which made Quixada's loyal heart quake within him."

Thus it will be seen that Charles's life at Yuste was anything but that of an ascetic; and could he but have controlled his enormous appetite, for which he was always famous, he might have lived on, in spite of his gout and other ailments, to a green old age in the green Vera. Not all the remonstrances, however, of his physician and other attendants were of any avail to cause him to alter his course of life in this particular, but which in other respects was simple and natural. When we read therefore of the enormous meals that he was in the habit of making from dishes of sausages and ham, tunny-fish, eels, pickled salmon and anchovies, partridges and other game, melons, cherries, and strawberries, we are not astonished at the continual anxieties of his friends and attendants for his life, bowed down as he was by infirmities at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. We have already said that Charles devoted much of his time to public affairs, even at Yuste. He also received many distinguished visitors from time to time. Among these were his two sisters, the dowager Queens, and Don Francisco Borja, or, as he is more generally called, Borgia, formerly Duke of Gandia, but now a Jesuit, and afterwards general of his order. Of this distinguished man Mr. Stirling gives a very interesting account, as indeed he does of most of the notable personages that figure in his narrative. Such was the Archbishop Carranza, the victim of the Inquisition of Spain, and whose sufferings have become one of the curiosities of history, seeing that he was himself an uncompromising advocate of religious persecution. But the mention of the Inquisition brings us to an unpleasant acknowledgment of the share that the retired Emperor had in fostering and furthering its proceedings. Conversing on the subject with the Prior of Yuste, "Father," said he, "if anything could drag me from this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. For such creatures as those now in prison, however, this is not necessary; but I have written to the Inquisition to burn them all, for none of them will ever become true Catholics, or are worthy to live." He also wrote to the Princess Regent and his son Philip to quicken their zeal against the heretics, as if either, especially the latter, required any additional stimulus in such a matter. Poor man, his own end was now, however, fast approaching. The letter to Philip was dated on the 15th of May, 1558, and in the autumn of the same year he had himself ceased to live.

During the winter of 1557-8 the Emperor's health had visibly declined; but the spring came, and it revived again with his favourite birds and flowers. In May 1558 he was eating again with his usual voracity. "His dinner began with a large dish of cherries or of strawberries, smothered in cream and sugar; then came a highly-seasoned paste; and next the principal dish of the repast, which was frequently a ham, or some preparation of rashers—the Emperor being very fond of the staple product of bacon-curing Estremadura." This mode of living continued for some time—the doctor always remonstrating, and the patient still continuing his pernicious diet. At length the most serious symptoms began to be manifested: ulcerations, purgings, gout, fever, phlegm, followed each other in rapid succession. About the 9th of August matters became critical. Again, however, he slightly rallied; and it was about this time, impressed more than usual with reli-

gious thoughts, after saying masses for the souls of some of his relations, as he was in the habit of doing, that he entertained the idea of celebrating his own obsequies. The account of it, as given by Mr. Stirling, will enable the reader to make some corrections in the generally-received story. It is as follows:—

These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his Majesty, please God, might live many years; and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about it. "But," persisted Charles, "would it not be good for my soul?" The monk said that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque which had served before on similar occasions was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, the celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars and in the choir, and the household of the Emperor himself in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies." While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his maker. High above, over the kneeling throng and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed.

After the celebration of this awful ceremony, the Emperor dined, for once in his life, with moderation. The next morning he was pensive and melancholy. He sent for the portrait of his late Empress, to whom he was tenderly attached, and gazed with fond remembrance on every feature. He then contemplated for some time a picture of the Saviour in Gethsemane, and a sketch of the Last Judgment by Titian. His physician, Mathisio, thought it proper to rouse him from his reverie. He accordingly addressed him, but when Charles turned round it was perceived that he was in a high fever. The excitement had been too much for his exhausted frame. He was borne to his chamber, and placed on the bed from which he was doomed to rise no more. Everything was now done to stay the course of his disease, but in vain. The patient gradually sank. On the 9th of September he dictated a codicil to his will, in which he gave his last instructions to his son not to spare the heretics. He was but too faithfully obeyed by the sanguinary Philip. On the 19th it was perceived that his end drew near, and on the evening of that day he received the sacrament of extreme unction. The dying Emperor, however, lingered on through the next day, and until two o'clock on the 21st, when, after a brief death-struggle, with crucifix in hand, he exclaimed, "Ay, Jesus!" and expired. Such was the end of the great Emperor Charles V., whose character and actions are so well known, that it would be superfluous for us to dwell upon them here. He may be well said to have filled the world with his fame. Added to a military genius of the highest order, he possessed talents for the administration of public affairs that far outshone those of all his contemporaries. From personal vices he was singularly free, when compared with other sovereigns and statesmen of his time. The greatest blot upon his fame is the spirit of fanaticism to which he surrendered himself at Yuste, and which contrasts strangely with the moderation that he often displayed when on the throne. For this there is no excuse; for, to say that Charles in the monastery only yielded to the influences by which he was surrounded, is to allow that he was not endowed with more than ordinary understanding, a fact which his whole history contradicts. It must, therefore, be regarded as an indelible stain upon his memory.

The Emperor's remains were interred with all due solemnity in the church of Yuste. From this they were removed by Philip II. to the Cathedral of Granada, and afterwards to the Escorial, where they reposed in front of the high altar. Subsequently, by the command of Philip IV., in 1654 they were translated to the great pantheon of the Escorial, where they still remain. The concluding chapter of Mr. Stirling's work is occupied with "Final Notices of the Court and Monastery of Yuste," and contains much interesting matter from which we wish that we

could afford to give extracts; but our space is exhausted; and thanking the author for this valuable contribution to our historical literature, we take our leave of its pleasant pages.

Lares and Penates: or Cilicia and its Governors, &c.
By WILLIAM B. BARKER. Edited by WILLIAM FRANCIS AINSWORTH, F.R.G.S., &c. Ingram & Co.

MR. BARKER, a relative of the Oriental traveller and scholar, Burekhardt, after a long residence and much journeying in the East, was the first to bring to light the Lares and Penates of the ancient and interesting city of Tarsus, an account of which, with numerous drawings, he transmitted to his native land. To him we are also indebted for the introduction of a great number of new Syrian peaches and nectarines, which are being acclimated and propagated by Messrs. Veitch, the famous gardeners at Exeter. His narrative has been purchased by the spirited proprietors of *The Illustrated News*, and committed to the editorship of Mr. W. F. AINSWORTH, who has added an historical sketch of the province of Cilicia and its governors, and the drawings have been copied into woodcuts, and profusely adorn the volume. Here we find a curious description of some household gods of the ancient Cilicians, broken up by them on their conversion to Christianity, and numerous antiquities, impossible to be described in a review, or indeed without reference to the illustrations; and therefore we must be content with merely introducing this handsome volume to the notice of our readers, and recommending it to all whom the subject of it interests. It will be found, indeed, much more amusing than its title would imply, from the variety of its contents, for it is something more than a learned book of reference; it may be read with pleasure.

WE have received from Mr. J. R. SMITH, to whose enterprise our literature is indebted for the best of the contributions to archaeology, the first part of a work entitled *Suggestions on the Ancient Britons*, by an author whose name is not given, as, in a book designed for an authority, it certainly should have been. It opens with a summary of the annals of Britain to the close of the seventh century; investigates Druidism and the Druids; examines Welsh topography and the Welsh language, to which the author seems inclined to award a Hebrew origin. He traces the events in British history, as made out by traditions and poems; reviews the popular ideas of ancient British civilisation; and he concludes this part with some proofs that the Celt and Gaul are the same. It is by far the most complete work on the Ancient Britons which has yet been contributed to historical literature.—Mr. J. G. NICHOLS, F.S.A. has published, through the Camden Society, an account of the *Discovery of the Jesuits' College at Clerkenwell, in March 1627, and a Letter found in their House*. It contains a great deal of curious matter, and, among the rest, some accounts of the expenditure of the college. As revelations of the doings of this famous society many years ago, it will be read even now with great interest.—The second volume of *Mattheu Paris's Chronicle* is the new addition to Mr. Bohn's "Antiquarian Library." The volume extends from 1244 to 1252.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. Vols. I.—II. 1853.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

WE left Moore delighted to find himself once more by his father's fireside, narrating to his old Dublin friends, with the frank vivacity of nineteen, the little incidents of his first visit to London—how he had dined with Martin Archer Shee, and fronted Peter Pindar; and how, still better than being admitted a student of the Middle Temple, his version of Anacreon was ready for the press, and Dublin must furnish its quota of subscribers. "It was," he says, "on my next visit to England that having, through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donnington Park, on my way to London. This was, of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donnington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me himself to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home and at my ease I should one day find myself in that great house." This is the closing sentence of the autobiographical fragment. Just when his life is becoming interesting, and he

is launching into the great world of London, the chronicle ceases. Its next seventeen years, the most stirring and productive of his career, are most fitfully, cloudily, and imperfectly mirrored for us in four hundred little hasty and trivial notes, to which the noble editor's contributions of annotation would not, if collected, fill a page of print; and it is only from researches of one's own in other books and authorities, that even the meagrest connected narrative of Moore's fortunes can be put together.

It is not every Irish youth of nineteen, coming over to eat dinners at the Middle Temple, with a few Dublin letters of introduction, to whom Lord Moira, in spite of his "high courtesy," would have behaved so civilly. There must have been something about Tom that marked him to be, like Edwin, "no vulgar boy." Scarcely a year has flown over him in London before he is hand and glove with Dukes, Marquises, and Earls; nay, his *Anacreon* appears dedicated, by permission, to the Prince of Wales, who is full of generosity and compliment to the young aspirant. And yet Tom's stock of accomplishments for pleasing and entertaining the great was by no means considerable. He could not improvise, like Theodore Hook, or be infinitely impertinent like Brummel; he was, to all outward appearance, nothing but a gentlemanly pleasant little fellow, who sang with more taste and feeling than voice, and could bring in neatly, at the proper time, with a "That reminds me," an Irish story which made everybody laugh.

What the secret of his social success was cannot be wrung from those unfortunate four hundred little notes; and his Lordship, who could have done it, will not condescend to enlighten us on this, the first obscure and interesting circumstance in Moore's career. One, perhaps the only genuine, advantage arising from it to Moore was the pleasure it enabled him to give his mother, to whom, while both lived, he wrote every week. He could not tell her that he was working hard at his law, for law he seems to have speedily abandoned; or that literature was bringing him fame and money, for the translation of *Anacreon* was at the best a very third-rate enterprise, and the *Poems of Thomas Little, Esq.*, published in 1801, were scarcely the kind of composition that a son could write to a mother about. But how graciously he was received by Lord This, and how he sang duets with Lady That, and was taken notice of, in the *Morning Post*, as "Anacreon Moore," when he squired a certain Marchioness to a certain Duchess's fancy-ball—with such delightful intelligence he can give the go-by to the serious business of life, and persuade his fond parent that all is right with her darling boy. Yet sometimes the *res angusta domi* does peep out, but always mentioned in a light and careless manner. On the 4th of August, 1801, for instance, he writes to Dublin to describe the proudest moment of his life, his first introduction to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. "When I was presented to him he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me, and said the honour was entirely his, in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit." Enchanting! Was there ever such condescension? "But, my dearest mother," continues the confiding Tom, "it has cost me a new coat; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby," &c. &c.; and "the usual price of a coat here is nearly four pounds."

However, his very dissipation did the young gentleman no harm in his chief pursuit, that of writing songs for the music-sellers. He felt the fashionable pulse, so to speak, as regarded music, and could calculate on the taste of the day. Then, too, he sang his own songs, and gave them a currency in this manner, which none of his less-favoured competitors could boast of in driving their bargains with the traders who coined Apollo and the Muses into guineas. And then, with such a patron as Lord Moira, at whose house one is quite as if at home, some snug and well-paid sinecure must turn up. Alas! it would have been well for Moore if he had never looked to a sinecure. He got it—in 1803, the post of Registrar to the Admiralty at the Bermudas—but it turned out to be a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and, after holding it for a year, the carelessness or dishonesty of a deputy involved the poet in embarrassments which shaded, if they did not cloud, a long section of his sunny existence.

It was in the October of 1803 that he sailed for

the Bermudas, and the November of 1804 welcomed him back to the shores of Old England. Scarcely has he arrived when he writes to his mother, "the Prince was extremely kind to me last night, at a small supper party at which I met him; every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me." And for eight or nine years more Moore kept fondly hoping against hope that Lord Moira would still "do something for him." Meanwhile the day's necessities have to be provided for; and amid reports of fashionable soirées and visits to country houses, where the greatest of the land are assembled, there occur notes to the music publisher, which testify to a very low state indeed of the poetical finances. Eight or nine years of steady toil, even in song-writing, however, are sure to tell; and after such a period of time the poet had an offer of a thousand pounds for the production of a work, which developed itself into the far-famed *Irish Melodies*. It was now he married the lady who survives him; now, too, all hope of an income from royal or noble patronage ceased; and Moore, like a man of sense, adjusted his life to his circumstances. Married in 1811, he left London and its gaieties in the spring of the following year for the economical and rural solitude of a Derbyshire hamlet. Here the *Irish Melodies* were finished, and, published in 1813, they gave their author a place among the most popular of living poets; so that when *Lalla Rookh* was projected about this time, Perry of *The Morning Chronicle*, acting on behalf of Moore, could rightfully claim for it, from the Messrs. Longman, as large a sum as had been ever given for any poem. Composed amid the solitudes of Derbyshire, *Lalla Rookh* was finished in 1816, but not published till the May of 1817. After the publication of the *magnum opus*, the poet made a short tour in France in the company of Rogers, and on his return settled for life at Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, in the neighbourhood of his friend and patron, Lord Lansdowne. It is on the verge of this settlement, in the autumn of 1818, that Moore's Diary commences; and from the portion of it given here, reaching to the autumn of the following year, we proceed to cull a few extracts.

Among the employments of this twelvemonth was the composition of the well-known *Life of Sheridan*. Moore was of course active in gleanings anecdote and reminiscence from the lips of contemporaries, most of which are naturally amusing. The Diarist is dining at Holland House with Lord John Russell, Rogers, &c. and gathers the following:

SHERIDANIANA.

Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter." We spoke of what he said to Tarleton about the ass and the mule: it was with respect to the result of the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. "Askst thou how long my love will stay?" (a song of Sheridan's), which I have traced to Montreuil and Menage, is more immediately (as Lord Holland pointed out to me) taken from Hume's essay called the "Epicurean." Lady Thanet was the person who had first remarked this to him. Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, &c. sat by silent. "I have always thought," said Dundas, "that *malderoo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'" Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's "shallows are always clear"), "perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous." Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, "I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow looks,—that is impossible." The prince's imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House; and Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince's mimicking Basilio, Mr. Fox's servant, saying to him (the Prince), "I have had de honneur, sare, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader; he looks as well as ever;"—the latter words spoken in a side whisper and a rueful face, as if sympathising with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelligence.

Perry, the once famous and still not quite forgotten Editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, when that paper had influence and reputation, was a native of North Britain, a circumstance which will make the story about the dinner-party intelligible. "Lord L." is Lord Lansdowne.

PERRY-IANA.

Talked of Perry. Lord L. said, that when the Philharmonic Society was established, two or three years ago, Perry gave up writing the leading political article of his paper, in order to write the accounts of the performances at the Philharmonic—a good story, but not true. Ayrceton wrote those musical criticisms. I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R.H. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked, without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turning upon newspapers, the Duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden. "Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person; I had the honour of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards Perry, and saw his face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did not my honest friend Teggart the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a rival journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a weekly newspaper!" It was altogether excellent. Perry is as good-natured and honourable a man as I know anywhere, and does honour to the cause he has so consistently and ably advocated.

In the following paragraph, "Bessy" is Mrs. Moore, "little Tommy" a newborn son and heir, and "Bowles" the clerical sonneteer.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY, &c.

23rd. Received from one of my female correspondents (the lady who loved the Irish giant) a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady, who enclosed me three pounds after reading *Lalla Rookh*, had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of *Lalla Rookh* had done the same, I need never have written again. Read the *Heart of Midlothian* to Bessy in the evening. Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money—what business has he in this world? Bowles had called in the morning, and was most amusing about his purchase of a great coat once in Monmouth-street, which, while in the shop, he took for blue, but which on his appearance in the sunshine he found to be a glaring glossy green. His being met in this coat by a great church dignitary, &c. &c.

Sheridan's plan, described in the ensuing quotation, is still in vogue:

A DINNER AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

Went to Holland House in the stage. Had some conversation before dinner with Rogers about his poem, which he is daily adding couplets to. Mackintosh's expression, the "age of admiration," is the one now in the crucible. Party at dinner—Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Lady Affleck, Sharpe, and Rogers. Sat next Lord Alvanley, and had much conversation with him about Lord's Forbes and Ranciffe, and others of my early cronies. The conversation to-day of rather a commoner turn than usual, on account of these slang bucks, but still very agreeable. Alvanley just hits that difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly; but Craven goes further. Though clever in his way, he is too decidedly *flash* in his tones, words, manner, everything. When one meets him in such company, "one wonders how the devil he got there." Lord Holland told an excellent story which he had heard from Latin, of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp; and when you went in the man told you with a grave face, that "M. Lacépède, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment; mais voici," added he, "ses respectable parens (showing a rabbit and a carp), que vous trouverez très intéressans," &c. &c. "Sheridan," Lord H. said, was "an annual parliament and universal suffrage man," but it seemed rather as a waggy that he adopted it. "There is nothing like it," he would say; "the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that."

In the summer of 1819, the old Bermuda embarrassments thickened upon Moore, and in the following year, drove him to make a temporary residence in France: hence these offers, and the poet's

GRATITUDE FOR SMALL MERCIES.

Received a letter from Lord J. Russell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord

Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, "I am very poor, but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him." Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday (19th) my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his "Life of Lord Russell," just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter. This is all most creditable both to them and me: and it is really worth while being in the scrape to have such testimonies of friendship exhibited on all sides.

The Life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Negro Patriot of Hayti. By the Rev. JOHN R. BEARD, D.D. London: Ingram and Co.

THE present excitement on the subject of slavery produced by *Uncle Tom* has suggested the publication of this memoir of the leader of the successful insurrection of the slaves in Hayti. We hope that the author did not entertain a desire to stimulate a like revolt in the United States; for it might be mischievous to the objects of his benevolence, by exciting the fears of the masters, and making them still more oppressive. Be that as it may, the biography is deeply interesting, and the facts have been collected with great research, and many of them from original sources. The proclamations and letters of the hero prove him to have been a man of superior mind; but nevertheless the effect of the whole work is certainly not to strengthen the reader's conviction that an entire *bouleversement* of the existing order of things in America should be suddenly and violently effected.

The Life of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By J. H. STOCQUELER, Esq. Vol. II. Ingram and Co.

THE second and concluding volume of Mr. STOCQUELER's biography of our departed hero displays the same research and labour and the same spirited writing, the same enthusiasm for his subject and the same graphic descriptions of battles, which we noticed in the first volume. It is equally embellished with engravings, and its typography quite as good. It is pre-eminently *the Life of Wellington*.

Napoleon the Third. By A. DE LA GUERONNIERE, Editor of "Le Pays." Translated by Lieut.-Col. C. GILLIES. London: Vizetelly and Co.

THIS is an eloquent, able, and successful vindication of the Emperor of the French from the aspersions which it has been too much the fashion with the English press to throw upon him. The writer has traced his history and career from its commencement to the culmination of his fortunes: he has drawn the character of the ruler of France with a hand as little partial as could be expected; and he shows why it is that he and so many others, who once believed in democracy, are now satisfied that the French people are not yet prepared for constitutional government, and that an empire such as they have is best suited to their tastes and their capacities. This we believe to be the true explanation of Louis Napoleon's success; and if the French people prefer an empire to a republic, what right have we who maintain a monarchy to blame them for not liking a republic? This work will be read with eager interest.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

To those of our readers who are interested in the contest with the Popedom, as it was carried on in Pre-Lutheran and even Pre-Hussite times, we can heartily commend *A Historical Memoir of Frà Dolcino and his times; being an Account of a General Struggle for Ecclesiastical Reform, and of an anti-heretical Crusade in Italy, in the early part of the Fourteenth Century*, by L. MARIOTTI, author of "Italy, Past and Present," &c. In this work, if we are not most mistaken, the very name of Frà Dolcino will be made known for the first time to the general English public; while it hovers but faintly, and like a dim abstraction, before the vision of even the professed student of church history. But for some lines in the *Inferno* of Dante, mentioning Dolcino by name, and showing that the great poet sympathised with the persecuted reformer, M. Mariotti himself would not have had his attention called to the subject of his life and times, and we should consequently be the losers of a most instructive volume, conceived in a liberal, enlightened spirit, well written, and calculated to throw considerable light upon a rather obscure period of ecclesiastical history. Such is the magic power of the sacred poet! more than five centuries have elapsed since Dante was laid in his grave, and lo! now a few lines, almost a parenthesis, in his great poem, have sufficed to rouse up one of the best scholars of modern Italy to write a volume in their illustration. We shall briefly mention who and what Frà Dolcino was and shall then un-

willingly leave the interesting work before us, from which, did our limits allow, we should be glad to give a few extracts. At no time in Italy did there lack opponents of the Papal power—call them heretics, fanatics, reformers, dissenters, what you will. From the year 1000 downwards, the number of these considerably increased. As one sect died out another sprang up, and neither the spiritual nor temporal sword was able to quell the expression of hostility to the known ecclesiastical abuses of the times. About the year 1260 the sect of the Apostles or Apostolic Brethren sprang into existence at Parma. It was founded by one Gherardo Sagarelli or Segarello, who was ambitious of being received into a Franciscan convent, but was rejected, it is said, by the community on account of his being an idiot. Idiot or not, however, he soon became the head of a flourishing sect, which in the course of time absorbed other sects entertaining somewhat similar views. What these views were it is difficult with accuracy to point out. They certainly possessed a greater spiritualism than pleased the established hierarchy; they are also said to have held the doctrine of a community of goods; and their enemies have accused them of a variety of immoral practices. Into this question we cannot enter. Suffice it that the "Apostles" were hunted down with fire and sword, as all are who presume to differ from the Church of Rome, and their leader, Sagarelli, perished at the stake in the year 1300. At what time Dolcino joined this sect does not appear, but immediately upon the death of Sagarelli he was acknowledged as its leader. Annihilated or dispersed at Parma, it was immediately heard of as flourishing under his guidance in Lombardy and Dalmatia. He was not long allowed, however, to continue in these regions. Thrice he fell into the hands of his enemies, and as often by singular good fortune escaped. At length he determined, with his followers, to fly to the fastnesses of the Alps for shelter from his persecutors. He fixed upon the mountains of the Val di Sesia for this purpose, and thither he repaired in the year 1304, accompanied by a female disciple named Margaret of Trent, who is said to have been of rare beauty and considerable wealth, but who forsook all to share the fortunes of the apostle. If the founder of the sect was illiterate, and, as some say, even an idiot, such was not Frà Dolcino. While his fiery eloquence made him the favourite of the uneducated classes, his literary attainments conciliated the favour of the wealthy and noble. Many of these became his followers; and at length he found himself at the head of some thousands of disciples. Such a thing, however, was not long to be endured, and a crusade was preached against the heretics of the Val di Sesia. Hand to hand Dolcino now met his foes, for he was as brave with his sword as with his pen or his tongue. He achieved victory after victory. All, however, was in vain. His enemies returned to the charge with strong reinforcements, and after keeping them at bay for three years, he was at last taken prisoner with his Margaret, who both shared the usual fate that Rome allots to heretics, only that in the case of Dolcino it was aggravated by the infliction of the most cruel torments. This tragedy was enacted at Vercelli on the 1st of June, 1307. With this glance at "Frà Dolcino and his Times," we pass to other matters.—A new edition has just appeared of *The Difficulties of Romanism in respect to Evidence; or, the Peculiarities of the Latin Church evinced to be untenable on the principles of legitimate historical testimony*. By GEORGE STANLEY FABER, B.D., Master of Sherburn Hospital. In two books. The third edition, revised and remoulded. The venerable author of this standard work, which it would be superfluous to commend, so widely has its fame been spread, is now in his eighty-second or eighty-third year; and we are therefore bound to acknowledge with becoming gratitude the sacrifice he must have made of his repose in presenting us with this new edition of his work, which he has made fully equal to the exigencies of the present state of the Romish controversy.—*The Greek and Eastern Churches: their History, Faith, and Worship*, forms one of the monthly series of little volumes issued by the "Religious Tract Society." It is admirably compiled by one evidently well acquainted with the subject. If by Dr. Henderson, we wonder that it does not bear his name, as most certainly it would not derogate from his reputation.—A volume of sermons from the Rev. HENRY MELVILL is always acceptable; and yet in the *Selection from the Lectures delivered at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, on the Tuesday mornings of the years 1850, '51, '52*, we seem to miss the tone and gesture, the grace and eloquence with which they fall upon the ear when poured out *vivâ voce* from the pulpit.—*Twenty Sermons for Town Congregations*, by CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A., Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall, and Cambridge Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, form a good specimen of the style of discourse calculated to be useful to the middle and upper classes of the community. We are not advocates for what may be called an exclusive or class style in sermons; but as it is known by experience that the village clergyman must frame his discourses to the capacity of his hearers, so likewise must the court or town preacher not affect to despise the intellect of his audience, but, like the great apostle, make himself "all things to all men."—*Sermons, Plain and Practical*, by the Rev. H.

J. STEVENSON, M.A., Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Worcester, is just such a collection as we can safely recommend to the young clergyman to take for his models. After a careful perusal we can affirm that not one of them contains a sentence, scarcely even a word, that may be called superfluous. How seldom is this the case in our pulpits!—Of sermons on the death of the Duke of Wellington we have received two more: one is entitled *Romanism overthrown by Wellington: a Sermon preached on Advent Sunday in the Parish Church of Pett, Sussex, on the Death of the F. M. the Duke of Wellington*, by the Rev. J. ALTON HATCHARD, Curate. This we cannot regard as the happiest point of view in which England's Hero might be regarded. That Wellington fought for his country's liberties and overthrew Napoleon is true, but that he overthrew Romanism is not the fact. Mr. Hatchard's Protestantism carries him rather too far. Napoleon is represented by him as the scourge of the Roman Catholic nations, and we are spoken of as exempted from the invasion of his armies, because we were Protestants. But was not Prussia also Protestant? and was not Saxony also Protestant? and were not those countries overrun by him? and did not Holland suffer anything, or Switzerland anything, during the late war? And finally, if Romanism was overthrown by Wellington, how is it that there is now a Pope at Rome, and a Cardinal Archbishop at Westminster? A *Pulpit estimate of Wellington, delivered in Egham Hill Chapel, October 24, 1852*, by JOHN G. MANLY, is a lit eulogium upon the character of the Great Duke, without bestowing upon him extravagant praise.—To the advocates for and against the revival of Convocation, we would recommend a little work just published, entitled *Last Glimpses of Convocation, shewing the latest incidents and results of Synodical Action in the Church of England*, by ARTHUR J. JOYCE. This contains an unbiased and succinct statement of facts which it must have cost the writer much labour to compile.—*The Future; or Things coming on the Earth, in Letters to a Friend*, by JOSEPH ELISHA FREEMAN, consists of five letters on the following subjects, viz.:—This Evil World; Anti-christ; the Great Babylonian City; the Reign of Jesus. These display, as far as we are aware, no originality of thought, and certainly no vigour of language, unless the following criticism of Alfred Tennyson's beautiful lines, commencing

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
is to be accepted as a specimen of both. "The 'slowly dying cause' is evidently 'creed Christianity,' under which name is really comprehended (as far as the feelings of such writers are concerned) 'the faith once delivered unto the saints.' Their 'coming man' is Antichrist; their panacea the extirpation of God's revealed truth! Their desires will be accomplished." O, Alfred Tennyson! What could have induced our most gracious Queen to appoint you Poet Laureate?

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The History of English Literature, with an Outline of the Origin and Growth of the English Language. By WM. SPALDING, A.M. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

DESIGNED for the use of schools and students, this volume presents a rapid and interesting sketch of the literature of this country from the earliest times to the present; tracing also the progress of our language from the Anglo-Saxon period through its various modifications, until it resulted in that composite but powerful and expressive form of speech which is called English, but which is made up of many languages. Mr. SPALDING has introduced brief biographical notices, with a few specimens of the different authors; thus making a very interesting as well as instructive reading-book for the school class. Indeed, there are few grown people who would not profit by perusal of these pages.

Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language: being an attempt to furnish an improved method of teaching Grammar. By JOHN MULLIGAN. London: Simpkin & Co.

THIS is a very bulky volume for a school, or even for a college; we fear the very aspect of it will scare the student. But Mr. MULLIGAN is not a mere reproducer of old books; he starts a new arrangement of grammar. He commences his scheme with an account of the purposes served by language, the facts which render grammatical contrivances necessary in language, and to the formation of propositions to convey our thoughts. From this he advances to the consideration of the parts of speech, placing nouns first, and verbs second; then he proceeds to prepositions, and then adjectives and adverbs. Interrogative and imperative propositions are treated in a distinct chapter, and so are compound propositions, and the construction of independent propositions. After the rules, exercises are given; and these are more judicious than such as are usually found in educational books.

The Boyhood of Great Men, intended as an Example to Youth. London: Bogue.

THE conception of this volume is better than its ex-

cution. The idea was admirable. Of the boyhood of our great men little is known, and yet "the child is father to the man." The author has sought to supply this information in a form likely to attract boys, and thus to teach and invite them by examples of what boys before them have achieved. For this purpose characters are classed into poets, historians, critics, statesmen, and so forth; and two of each are selected, and a short but interesting account is given of them as boys. But the fault we find is with this very pedantic arrangement. Why choose just two of each class, instead of selecting the most interesting and instructive of all classes? In another edition—and we hope and expect it will pass through many—we would recommend an enlargement of the whole work, and an entire abandonment of a classification which has no object, and which only excludes some of great interest to make way for others whose only claim is that they chanced to pursue the same calling in after life.

The Synoptical Euclid, by SAMUEL A. GOOD, is an edition of the first four books of *Euclid's Elements*, conveniently arranged in its typography—the propositions being printed in *italic*, and then the proofs in roman letter; thus they are more completely impressed upon the memory, and the student more readily grasps the argument.—*Hints on Arithmetic*, addressed to a young governess, by LADY VERNEY, does not profess to be a philosophical treatise on arithmetic, but simply what it is termed, hints to a teacher how to make ciphering intelligible to her pupils. They are thoroughly practical, and there are few teachers, whether male or female, who would not profit by the perusal and use of this excellent little volume.—*Hours with the Leslies*, by a LADY (Hope), is a tale for children, prettily written, and teaching a wholesome moral; it is a little too much in the "preachee, preachee" style, however: children, like men and women, are never lectured into being good.—*A Key to French Pronunciation*, by LE PAGE, certainly does something towards clearing up that mystery of mysteries; but the work is not accomplished yet.—Viscount CRANBOURNE has written a *History of France* for the use of children, which he has contrived to make extremely interesting and intelligible; great pains having been taken to avoid the besetting sin of abbreviators, who usually convert their short histories into a dry collection of names and dates. This is one of the few books really fitted for children, and every child ought to read it.—A new edition has just issued of the *Young Christian's Sunday Mornings*, a series of dialogues on the truths and duties of religion between a mother and her children. That it has been approved is shown by the fact of a second edition.—A second edition has likewise appeared of a little tale called *The Happy Family; or, Selfishness and Self-Denial*, designed to illustrate the vice and the virtue.—*Bellerose's One Hundred Choice Fables*, by DELILLE (Hall and Co.), is a collection of amusing fables in French for the use of children and learners of the language. It gives a dictionary of the words and idioms, and a key to the translation.—The Rev. J. T. DENHAM has sent us a *Lecture on the Metaphysics of Education*, which really deserves a wider circulation, for it treats the subject with the grasp of a philosopher; and teachers especially would profit by reading it, for they would learn the principles of their art, which, we fear, few of them at present understand.—Of biographies for children one of the most interesting has just appeared, with the attractive title of *The Patriot Warrior*. It is an historical sketch of the career of the Duke of Wellington, made interesting to young persons by a judicious selection of its most striking incidents, and intelligible by being narrated in a plain and unaffected fashion. The closing account of the funeral might well have been omitted, as might some of the more trivial anecdotes.—BURCHETT'S *Introduction to Plane Geometrical Figures* has the advantage of brevity and simplicity.—HUNTER'S *Manual of English Grammar* is brief but not simple. Too many hard words are used for a child's understanding.—An *Introduction to the French Language*, by JOHN HAAS, is certainly one of the simplest and best first books for children we have seen for some time, and evidently it is so deemed by others, for it has reached a third edition.—*A Literal Translation of Virgil into English Prose*, by the Rev. GEORGE B. WHEELER, will be useful in education, if judiciously employed, as saving the labour now wasted in hunting out words in a dictionary; certainly the most clumsy expedient ever devised.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States Army. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Australia as it is; its Settlements, Farms, and Gold Fields. By T. LANCELOTT, Esq., Mineralogical Surveyor in the Australian Colonies. In 2 vols. London: Colburn and Co.

Military Life in Algeria. By the Count P. DE CASTELLANE. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

In the summer of 1845 a handloom-weaver of

Paisley left his home to seek abroad the employment he was unable to find in his native country. America was then deemed the Paradise of the labourer, and the weaver went to New York, only to discover, to his dismay, that the competition for employment was fully as great in that city as in England. He had been for a short time in the British army, and he bethought him of soldiering as the last resource of a starving man. Just then recruiting was vigorously proceeding in the States for the Mexican war. He offered himself, was accepted, and forthwith conveyed to Governor's Island to drill. After a short schooling, and which seems to have been by no means a disagreeable one, he was despatched with a number of his fellow-recruits to Mexico; and he gives a lively and interesting account of his voyage, how they made merry, and how they scrambled for the few books that were on board, and how they got up a daily newspaper, in writing, of eight pages, containing the items thus described in the prospectus:

To-morrow morning will appear the first number of a journal bearing the above title, to be published daily (weather permitting) at our office near the cook's galley on board the *Albatross*. This journal will consist of at least eight quarto pages in legible handwriting: it will contain, besides "The News of the Day," "Critical Notices," "Letters of Correspondents," and "Advertisements," a general summary of all the stirring and striking events, daily, hourly, and minutely acted and transacted, before the eyes, and as it were under the noses, of this strange conglomeration of unfortunate humanity now on board. Amalgamated, mixed up, and bound up, as it were, in our fortunes, by the inextricable and inexplicable decrees of the three sisters, and the immutable and inscrutable workings of destiny, who, in forging the chain of circumstances that at present surround us, has obviously decided that, sink or swim, we should sail down the stream of time in this wooden prison for a certain period in company—it becomes us to make the term of confinement seem as short as possible. With a view to this result, several of the motley individuals forming part of the worshipful society here assembled, have come to the resolution of publishing this daily record of remarkable events and occurrences; for which contributions are respectfully solicited from all lovers of light literature. In the confident expectation of receiving the cordial support of the community, we have only to announce that contributions will be received at our office near the cook's galley, where terms of subscription and full particulars may be learned.

They disembarked at Tampa Bay, where they made acquaintance with the native Indians, and actually formed a debating society. But from these peaceful pursuits they were soon summoned to the seat of war; and we have a spirited narrative of the various battles and sieges that distinguished the campaign, whose end everybody knows. The war over, our author returned to New York, and was raised to the rank of corporal for his gallantry and good conduct. There he remained for a while; and then, the term of his service being over, he received his discharge, and afterwards amused himself in writing this intelligent and interesting account of his adventures in the military service of the United States. It is a genuine autobiography of a real working weaver and actual private soldier; and we understand that it has received very little correction in its passage through the press, so that it is quite a literary curiosity as well as an amusing book. How neatly it is written, and what is the character of its contents, will be seen by the following passages:—

TAMPICO.

The town of Tampico had a bustling and animated appearance while the troops remained in the vicinity; a band of music, furnished by each regiment in succession, playing in the main plaza for a few hours each evening, and the streets and houses of entertainment being thronged with officers and soldiers. The troops received two months' pay while we lay here, being paid up to the 1st January; there was consequently a good deal of money amongst the men for a few days. The larger portion of this soon found its way into the hands of the army followers, a sort of human vultures who followed the army all through the campaign, keeping hotels, called by the popular cognomens of "The Palo Alto House," "The Rough and Ready Restaurant," "American Star Hotel," &c.—the whole stock-in-trade of said restaurants and hotels mostly consisting of a piece of villainously tough roasted or fried *carne* (beef) and a few dollars' worth of an abominable spirituous liquor called *aguardiente*. The Mexican shopkeepers were prohibited from selling spirits to the soldiers under the pain of a heavy penalty; but these camp followers were winked at by some means or other, and thus the scoundrels had a complete monopoly of the sale of liquor, and were permitted to poison and plunder the soldiers with impunity. In most of these houses gambling

was incorporated with the business of selling liquor, two or three professional gamblers being usually the joint proprietors of these low concerns, where the most brutal riots, frequently resulting in loss of life, were of frequent occurrence. It would have considerably improved the *morale* of the army if these shops had been prohibited, and all citizens not in the employment of government packed off to the States. A company of theatrical performers, who had been with General Taylor's army in Monterey and Matamoros, came down along with the division of troops which had just arrived, and were performing to good houses in town, the officers and soldiers crowding the theatre every night to overflowing.

THE NATIVE INDIANS.

They have more yellow than copper in their complexion, and have the high prominent cheek-bones, and quick, furtive, and suspicious glance of the Indian race, that seems watching every moment to make a sudden spring in the event of any appearance of treachery. Some of their young squaws have a very pleasing expression of countenance, and I have seen one or two of these who I believe would be pronounced beautiful if compared with the prouder belles of European cities. The men, or warriors, walk with a most dignified and majestic carriage, and an air of stoical composure highly imposing. They wear mocassins made of deer-skin, and of their own manufacture, and go bare-legged in a short-sleeved sort of tunic, confined at the waist, and falling down nearly to the knees in the manner of a Highlander's kilt, to whose ancient costume that of the Florida Indians of the present day bears a considerable resemblance, especially when seen at a short distance. Some of them ornament their dress with beads and shells, which they sometimes wear in their hair also, and both men and women are fond of wearing large silver rings in their ears and through their nostrils. Parties of twenty or thirty of these strange-looking visitors frequently came into the village of Tampa Bay while we lay there. They were always accompanied by a sub-chief, a sort of lieutenant, who had charge of the party, and their object was to exchange deer-skins for powder and other necessary articles. They frequently brought a few turkeys or a few pieces of venison, part of the game they had shot as they came along; these they sold cheap enough, a turkey fetching a quarter, and a piece of venison of fifteen or twenty pounds weight a half-dollar. They always visited the barracks when they came to the village, walking through the rooms and shaking hands with the soldiers in a perfectly friendly manner. None of them, however, understood English, and we were all equally ignorant of the Seminole; so that our discourse was necessarily limited to the language of pantomime, at which they seemed a vast deal more apt than our men.

MR. LANCELOTT was Mineralogical Surveyor in the Australian colonies, and in this capacity he had occasion to acquaint himself intimately with the country, its productions and capacities. Nor, in the course of his geological excursions, did he neglect to take minute observations of the people, both colonists and natives. The result of this experience he has arranged systematically in the two volumes before us, selecting his information mainly with an eye to the requirements of those who contemplate emigration; and for their use he has gathered together a vast quantity of details, with which they ought to be acquainted, and which will be read with eager interest by all who have any notion of trying their fortunes in the land of promise.

And not only does he cater for the emigrant; he has provided a great many valuable facts for the merchants and manufacturers trading with Australia; and, that the general reader may know what Australia and Australian life really are, Mr. Lancelott has given a minute description of the social condition, manners and customs of the colonists. Added to all these are careful accounts of the climate, the aborigines, the zoology, the botany, the mineralogy, the gold and copper mines, and the colonial methods of agriculture, horticulture, and vine-culture. Incidentally, but only briefly, because it has been already so well treated by others, he tells us about the sheep and cattle farming, from which, after all, the ultimate prosperity of Australia must proceed. This is his account of

FARMING IN AUSTRALIA.

Although many of the farmers are capitalists, by far the great number are individuals who arrived in the colony with nothing but a pair of sinewy arms and a stout heart; and who by industry, frugality, and persevering energy have attained their present state of affluence. Their colonial life, although not fraught with hardship or want, is that of incessant daily toil: husband, wife, and children, little and big, all work right earnestly, early and late; but, unlike the husbandmen in Europe, they labour from choice, and not necessity; they have become comparatively wealthy in a short time, and their success spurs them on to redoubled exertion. Indeed, the disposition of most

of the labouring agriculturists leads them to as soon as possible acquire a small farm or garden of their own, as they dislike above all things depending on others for their daily bread; and to this may be attributed the extent of cultivation and cheapness of grain in South Australia. It was, as before stated, the rise and rapid increase of this class of small cultivators that brought the price of grain down to 2s. 6d. per bushel in 1844, they being able to produce it at a much lower rate than the large landowners who rely solely on hired labour. For instance, a married man with a family, who possesses a team of bullocks, a dray, a plough and a harrow, and about forty acres of land, two or three cows and pigs, and a little poultry, is already independent, and will probably soon be rich, as his income will far exceed his outgoings. In about a month or six weeks he may get thirty acres in crop, after which he can work for others. Those who have no bullocks of their own will give him 10s. or 12s. per acre to plough their land, which he can do at the rate of nearly an acre per day. When ploughing is over, sheep-shearing commences. At this, if a good hand, he can earn 2l. or 3l. per week. Or he may fill up any or all of his time by carting ore from the mines; which will bring in about 2l. per week. While he is busying himself abroad, his wife, if an industrious woman, will be looking after the cows, pigs, and poultry, cultivating vegetables, making bread, butter, and candles, brewing ale, and attending to other matters for the family. The family will all be employed helping the mother; or if a boy or girl can for a time be dispensed with, some neighbour will be glad to give ample remuneration for their services. At harvest he and all the boys commence reaping, and, after great exertion and laudable perseverance, generally succeed in getting the crop in without further aid. This is a trying period, especially to the young settler, who, while laboriously harvesting, is usually exposed to the burning rays of an Australian summer sun. The common plan is to reap mornings and evenings, and rest for three or four hours at mid-day. To hire assistance at this period is to the small farmer, ruinous, as harvest-men are always scarce, and their terms very high; indeed, some large farmers, who bear a reputation for paying less liberally or punctually than others, have not unfrequently had a large field of wheat standing for a month after it was ripe, for want of hands to cut it. The farmer who acts as above will, at the end of the year, have a pretty considerable balance in his favour.

But how to arrive at this position of comfortable independence? Let us see.

It generally takes a poor labourer about three or four years to place himself in the above position; and those only succeed who are healthy, strong, industrious, persevering, and self-denying. In his progress to independence, each settler acts differently: some place their earnings in the savings' bank, and otherwise hoard it until it amounts to a sufficiency to commence farming on a liberal scale; others begin with an acre of garden, then get a cow, next a pig, and so on.

These are the

FARM-HOUSES.

The farm-houses are rough, but generally substantial and commodious; they are built of different materials, according to circumstances: if good stone or slate is handy it is used; if not, and suitable clay exist in the neighbourhood, bricks are resorted to; and when none of these materials are to be had the dwelling is built wholly of wood. These residences usually have no ceiling nor upper floor; when you look up you see the roof. The walls are not plastered, painted, nor in any way decorated, except those which occasionally get a lime-wash. The windows are sometimes canvas, sometimes glass; and the fire-places and chimneys are constructed as already described. For flooring, some have only earth, some are paved with stone, some with slate, a few with bricks, and a very few have wood floors. Water for domestic and other purposes is usually procured by sinking wells; and though occasionally pure and excellent, it is in general impregnated with minerals, hard and brackish to the taste, and more or less unwholesome.

HOW THE EMIGRANT LIVES.

The farmers furnish their dwellings with few articles of domestic convenience. Only a few wood-bottom chairs, an uncushioned cedar sofa, one or two plain cedar tables, bedsteads of the plainest description, and sometimes a small looking-glass, are to be met with in the dwellings of the more wealthy. Most of the poor farmers make their own furniture, which generally consists of a few rude forms and stools, a table and bedstead; and not unfrequently the only partition between the bed-room and sitting-room is one or two outstretched sheets. Their cooking utensils and mode of cooking are similar to that of the urban population of Victoria. They all live on plain but substantial dishes, and some keep a good stock of European wines and British bottled stout and ale. They of course raise nearly all their own edibles; and, in order to live on fresh meat, three or four of them will club together, and in turn each kill a sheep or bullock, as the case may be. The farmers, and indeed all persons who reside away from the towns

dress in the coarsest apparel. The usual male attire is a pair of common slop trowsers, a blue guernsey with a leather belt to keep the trowsers up and the guernsey down, a flaunting red cotton handkerchief as a neck-tie, a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat, and a pair of heavy hobnail boots. Some wear a coarse regatta-shirt under their guernsey; and others, when circumstances permit, enjoy in the hot weather the luxury of nakedness, by dressing in only a shirt and a pair of boots. The farmers' wives and daughters usually dress in cottons; their attire, although common and coarse, is neat, chaste, and tidy; they wear high dresses, and cotton bonnets made with a large curtain to keep the sun from freckling the neck; they nevertheless have their jewels, silks, &c. which they wear on festive occasions. Many of them are well-educated, devoid of affectation, thrifty, and industrious; indeed, I was struck in my travels in the colony with the beauty, the accomplished graces, the glowing health, the vivacity, and the open-heartedness of the fair sex in the rural districts; and I should be wanting in gratitude did I not record their disinterested kindness, attention, and generous liberality to the wandering stranger. Most of the farmers and others who dwell in the rural districts within the hundred of the counties are, although parsimonious to a fault, altogether more moral, more straightforward and honourable in their business transactions, more kind and considerate to their neighbours, and generous and hospitable to strangers, than the mammon-worshipping Adeladians. Their chief sources of amusement are hunting, shooting, riding, and reading. Some possess their pianoforte, and enliven their homes with popular and even classical music, and occasionally dedicate an evening to Terpsichore, when the polka, mazurka, schottische, valse-a-deux-tems, and other popular dances are gone through with a grace and gusto that would astonish the fashionables of London. A few devote their leisure to scientific acquirements; and all who can read eagerly devour every tome of fiction procurable, from the works of Fielding, Scott, and Dickens to the stories in Chambers' and Miss Cook's Journal. There are no game laws in Australia: the wild animals are considered common property, to which all have an equal right; and accordingly every settler hunts or shoots them whenever he pleases. The animals hunted are the dingo or native dog, the kangaroo, and the emu.

Such is the sort of useful, practical information contained in the work, which does not pretend to fine writing, but is what it professes to be,—one of the most useful, complete, and practical descriptions of our Australian colonies which has yet appeared.

The *COUNT DE CASTELLANE'S* narrative of *Military Life in Algeria* is without a preface or any explanatory introduction as to its origin or authorship, or even whether it is a translation from the French, or was first written in the language in which it now appears. The Count tells us nothing of himself, who he is or what he is; we only gather from his narrative that he went to Algeria in 1843 to join the French army there, and that he took an active part in the campaigns that ended in the conquest of the country, and its entire subjugation and colonisation by France. But how he came to write such good and even elegant English as these pages contain, he has not condescended to inform us. On this point the reader will desire some explanation, and in the absence of it he will not feel the same confidence in the strict veracity of the story. It would certainly have been more satisfactory to the British public if the avowed work of a Frenchman had been presented to them with some introductory account of the manner in which it came to wear an English dress. This would have been the more prudent in a book coming from our neighbours, who are notoriously skilful in the construction of fictitious memoirs and narratives.

Let it, however, be distinctly understood that beyond the singular absence of explanation as to the origin of its appearance in its present shape, we have nothing to urge against the genuineness of this work. Its pages nowhere suggest a doubt of authenticity. They have the tone and structure of a narrative of a man's own experience, told in the lively and graphic manner of the Frenchman, and which we English strive in vain to emulate or imitate. The Count devotes more than half the first volume to General Changarnier and Colonel Cavaignac; and General Lamoriciere occupies a considerable portion of the second volume. The other contents relate to the Caid Ooman, a description of life at the outposts, of a winter campaign, and of the great desert, and a narrative of the famous, or rather infamous, Kabyle expedition. A few extracts will best show how these topics are treated.

Here is a specimen of the savage style of warfare adopted by the French in Algeria:—

SMOKING OUT THE ENEMY.

We recommence, then, our partisan life, so full of adventure and sudden surprises, which under an African sky has a charm quite inexpressible. One day we set out very early on one of our expeditions, and penetrated into frightful ravines, stretching to the west of a ridge of land which separates streams that run into the Mina. The road we were following was about two feet broad, and wound along the steep sides of a hill, leading to the bottom of a ravine on the left. Green oaks, mastick trees, and broken trunks covered the whole of this unsafe ground. In the centre of a basin the waters had hollowed a deep ditch across slips of wild vegetation, which was a ravine within a ravine. In the winter rapid falls fell furiously from every hill, tearing a passage through earth and trees, hurrying both away in their course, and opening subterranean passages, to reach the quicker a great artery or hollowed bed, fifty feet broad and thirty deep. In the summer, when there are a few fine months, no rain, and hardly a drop of dew falls, it is easy to penetrate into these subterranean issues. Now, according to reports we had received, these catacombs contained a great part of the booty and treasures of a tribe of the Flittas. It was said, also, that a great number of them had taken refuge in them, and we were determined to test the truth of this information. Many hiding-places were for this purpose explored in vain; at last, about the middle of the ravine, two soldiers, crawling to one of the subterranean orifices, received two balls in the head. At the same instant a volley of balls from the right and the left fell among us. Our position was certainly a difficult one. How were we to extricate ourselves? To attack our assailants in front would have been certain death, to turn their flank was impossible; nevertheless, it was necessary, at any cost, to overcome the obstacle. In vain we menaced the enemy, in vain we promised to spare their lives; they were deaf to all menaces, to all persuasions. What was to be done? Nothing, but to have recourse to the eloquence of action, to smoke the fox out of his hole. We set, then, about making faggots, and, by way of prologue, threw two or three lighted ones into the entrance of the cavern. Our parley thereupon recommenced with as little success as at first. We were forced, therefore, to throw in more blazing faggots, when we waited again. I must do justice to these brave fellows. Whilst they could breathe they resisted. But the fire and the smoke overcame them at last, and they all came out and surrendered. Then sheep, goats, men, women, and children issued from the earth, and became our prisoners and our booty.

How thoroughly French is this also:—

THE SOLDIER'S PLEASURES.

After so many privations we arrived at Medeah just at carnival time, on the day of the last masqué ball. We had no dress, but this was an additional reason for going to the ball, where every sort of costume, known or unknown, was admitted, except the military uniform. What a delight to come so far, through so many dangers and fatigues, to personate a bear, or a pacha, a marquis, or a porter! What delicious repose! to dance frantic dances all night long, by the light of a dozen wretched lamps, venerable and primitive luminaries, borrowed from the ancient saloons of Mars and of Apollo, or like the antique ornaments of the barriers of Paris! But we had no right just at this time to be very fastidious. We had been too long deprived of all dancing and music not to find the *fête* charming, and got up in most excellent taste. The rain, the snow, the wind, the mud, and the dust, had marvellously disposed us to relish white bread, cool wine, and a good warm supper. Yes; but the next morning; the order of the commandant must be obeyed, and the order was positive, and our departure inevitable. No matter; *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*. Once in the street, every one threw off gaily his night's dissipation, and buckled on as gaily his war harness. The cause of our prompt departure was this. Our great enemy, Abd-el-Kader, envying, no doubt, our *fêtes* and our pleasures, had made a razzia on the territory of the Issers, ten leagues from Algiers, and we were now on the march from the ball-room to give chase to this mar-mirth.

The Arabs were desirous of conciliating the redoubtable General (Lamoriciere) who had conquered them, and they did it after this wise:—

AN ARAB FEAST.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the General had finished his survey of the place, and as we had been on horseback since five o'clock, our stomachs began to cry "cupboard." It was then, with no inconsiderable pleasure, that we found our legs crossed under the tables of the great tents, on which presently appeared large plates of couscous, pigmented ragouts, and roast sheep. The couscous is a corn cake, the flour of which is rolled on a bolter like powder. This cake, cooked by the vapours of meat, is basted the moment before it is served up, either with milk or with the bouillon of the mutton, for the Arabs never eat beef, unless forced by hunger to do so. Enormous dishes, hollowed out of a single block of the walnut tree, receive the cake and the pyramid of boiled meat and vegetables that surmount it. Little wooden spoons are then dis-

tributed to the guests, and all plunge at once into the smoking mountain down to its centre, where the pasty is warmest and most saturated with the bouillon. Coddour and his little son stood in waiting at the door of the tent, according to the Arab custom, which obliges a host to superintend the serving up of a feast. As soon as Coddour saw that his guests ate no more of the couscous, he made a sign to his negroes, who carried off the dishes to his chevaliers, grouped about the green sward in front, who forthwith attacked the relics most heartily, the palms of their hands serving them for plates. Meantime, other servants brought in porringers without number, filled with ragouts of a thousand sorts: eggs prepared with red pepper, fowls in onion sauce, pimientos powdered over with saffron, and so many other good things, that the French palate must have become somewhat Arabised to relish them. The *roumi saphi*,* these lately come from Europe, so greedily attacked the first dishes that they had no appetite for those which were to follow. But I would advise you, if you ever go to Africa, to imitate our example; for we imposed a wise restraint on our hunger in order to do honour to the standards which we saw in the distance. A dozen Arabs, indeed, soon came forward, carrying on long poles sheep roasted entire. Pulled on one side and pushed on the other, the sheep slipped from the poles, and fell, so being dished up, on a large cloth of blue cotton. An Arab, skilled in carving, then made large cuts in the animal with his knife, to facilitate the entrance of our hands into the interior; when every one tore out such bits as struck his fancy. To these roasts, worthy of the heroes of Homer, succeeded dishes of milk, sugar, and raisins, &c., pasties by thousands; and when these, which closed the feast, were removed, large ewers were brought to every guest, who, having washed his hands in these silver basins, smoked his pipe or his segar, sipping the while boiled coffee, handed to him in little cups without handles, in silver stands, to protect his fingers from the heat. And the General then gave the signal for departure.

Let us conclude with his account of

A REPOSE AT DJEMA.

In five minutes more we were at Djema. This post is built on the sea coast, at the mouth of a little river between two steep shores, whence may be perceived ruined villages, formerly the refuges of pirates. Wooden barracks, a battlemented wall, large magazines, and cabarets; on the coast, a few fishing boats and marine stores; out at sea, one or two brigs, sometimes a war-steamer; and, in the midst of all this, bustling soldiers, hucksters, and traders. Take this picture into your eye, and Djema is before you. This is a dull place, and in time of peace sporting and study are the only resources of those who are condemned to a garrison life in one of these advanced posts. In France many may be surprised at this. They can hardly imagine men with swarthy complexions and long beards bending over books, and devoting their leisure to scientific researches, or literary recreations. Nevertheless, such is the case, and these habits of study form one of the characteristic peculiarities of the African army. This tendency has always been encouraged by its chiefs. There is at present a library at every post, composed of about three hundred volumes of the best authors, scientific and literary. These works must needs oftentimes powerfully mollify the minds of their readers; and now that the generation of soldiers formed by the Algerian war is likely to exert a great influence on the future destinies of France, the kind of reading the African campaigner most addicts himself to would be a curious and interesting subject of inquiry. Assuredly some curious traits of character would be discovered, for all read, and all read much. No doubt it would be absurd to suppose that the African army is an army of *savants*; but it is certain that among its officers, and soldiers too, one may meet with more intelligence and more literature than is usually found in military men. And for this simple reason: the mind requires change and variety. When one is forced for long months to live shut up with the same people, weariness soon ensues; and the recreation one can no longer find in camp companionship, is sought for and found in books—the legacies of those immortal men who, from age to age, bequeath the mind of each generation to generations following as a viaticum and solace to a race condemned to toil and suffering.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

My Novel; or, Varieties of English Life. By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. Blackwood and Co.

THE GENIUS OF BULWER is essentially imaginative. It is rather creative than observant. He does not so much describe what he has seen and known, as what he has thought and felt and dreamed. This characteristic is stamped upon every production of his active mind, whether it be philosophy or politics or fiction. His philosophy is dreamy

and mystical; his politics are sentimental; his fiction is purely ideal. Hence it is that he is never so great as when he abandons himself to his genius, gives the reins to fancy, and avowedly paints the visions of his own creation. We most admire, and we believe that he will be more esteemed by posterity for, *Zanoni*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *Harold*, than for *Pelham*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *Paul Clifford*, *The Caxtons*, or even *My Novel*, upon which he appears to have bestowed more pains than upon any previous production. These latter profess to depict some phase of society as it exists. Do they succeed in this? Do we feel, as we read, that the incidents are probable, or even possible; that the personages are real, living, breathing, individualized men and women? Are we not conscious that they are, in truth, unrealities, abstractions, shadows, such as the man of the study might conceive, but which the man of the world never sees. But because Bulwer is not a master of the art of observing and of describing what he has observed exactly as it is, without passing it through the alembic of his fancy, let it not be supposed that we the less esteem his genius. On the contrary, we look upon the power to create as loftier than the power to observe, just as we hold the ideals of Raphael in higher honour than the laborious realities of the Dutch painters of kettles and crockery. The former demand qualities which the world has always estimated at a value proportioned to their rarity; the latter can boast nothing beyond a good eye, a steady hand, patient industry, and acquaintance with the mechanics of art; and however wonderful may be the resemblances of the pictures to the objects represented, the spectator applauds the artist's cleverness, but he never thinks of him for a moment in comparison with the great Masters who have created pictures which, although copies of nothing on earth, are felt to be full of truth and beauty—glimpses of the better world, whence we came and whither we are going—abstractions and ideals it may be, but the embodiments of something higher, holier, better, more perfect, than the actualities that are daily round about us. Therefore we like Bulwer because he is not a painter of real life; and we like him best when he most departs from it into regions of the mystical or the past, where his imagination has the widest range for exercise of its powers.

My Novel is a wonderful book—flashing with genius, overflowing with intellect; but it is not what it is called, a picture of English life. It was designed to refute that still more untruthful school of modern novelists who concentrate all virtue in the lower, and all vice in the upper, classes; who make every nobleman a fool; every gentleman a knave; every wealthy man a tyrant; every manufacturer a slave-driver; every employer an oppressor; every working-man a down-trodden angel. Bulwer designed *My Novel* to show the reverse of this picture; to exhibit the excellence of our squirearchy, the amiability and virtue of our gentry, and the ingratitude of many of those who live upon their bounty. But he has erred almost as much as those to whom he is replying. He falls into the opposite extreme, and weights the scales with equal unfairness for his own argument. The squire's family depicted in *My Novel* does not exist anywhere in England. No people are so amiable and faultless; none are so unselfish, so largely benevolent, so gentle, and so forgiving. Squires' nature is very much like other human nature in its virtues and its weaknesses. It will chafe at wrong, resist invasion of rights, protect its property, grow irate at petty pickings and stealings, look black upon trespassers, use, and perhaps sometimes abuse, authority, and indulge its whims, as all of us like to do when we can. Doubtless the Aazeldeans of Aazeldean have, in many respects, their prototypes in every rural district in England. It would be difficult not to draw a tolerably correct outline of the English squire, even if the writer had never seen one, but had only inspected the finished portraiture of Sir Roger de Coverley in the *Spectator*. Aazeldean is an English squire; but then he is the impersonation of the romantic notion of that species of Englishman, and not an individual—a being which in naturalist fashion might be labelled "genus, man; species, squire; individual, Aazeldean." In our mind's eye we do not contemplate him as "a gentleman of our acquaintance," but as "a squire" with no personality. He remarkably exemplifies the observation before made, that from the very structure of his mind Bulwer reflects more than he observes; so it is with his peasantry.

The novelist has caught their language, but not their trains of thought and the tone of the peasant mind. The best, because the truest, characters in the book are Parson Dale and his wife—and Leonard, whose literary career is drawn with perfect truth, because it is taught by Sir Edward's personal acquaintance with literary labours and the difficulties, dangers, temptations, and trials of a literary life. Egerton, the statesman, is not in keeping; and certainly he is not a probable, nay, scarcely a possible, personage in these days. As for Riccabocca, we scarcely know what to think of him. The cynic in words, with overflowing humanity of heart, is by no means an uncommon character, contradictory as it appears. Indeed there is a great deal of this sort of curious contradiction in human nature. We continually find men's words and actions in direct opposition, as if it was their pleasure to puzzle acquaintances and set readers of character at defiance. Nothing is more common than to see an extreme liberal in politics, very illiberal and very tyrannical in private life—and an uncompromising despot in his principles, the kindest of neighbours, the least exacting of masters, the most generous to the poor and the least proud to those of inferior station. Is it that men love to dilute, as it were, the profession with the conduct, and *vice versa*: that one sets off his liberal professions against his illiberal practice, and the other modifies his despotic politics by his generous actions, and thus each strives to strike a balance in the account with conscience.

We think also that Sir Edward has gained nothing by quitting his own natural style for a borrowed one. Manifestly in this, as in *The Caxtons*, he has taken Sterne for his model. The imitation is very good, but then it is an imitation after all; and Bulwer has no need to descend to this. He can afford to be himself alone; and we must confess that we are better pleased when he indulges most in what, for want of a better name, we will term Bulwerisms, the meaning of which all our readers will recognise, than when he is most cleverly sententious and satirical, in the Shandean vein. He cannot, with all his art, conceal a certain stiffness that attends every endeavour of a man to be something other than he is. Bulwer is not Sterne; he cannot make himself a Sterne; his attempts to be like Sterne are only partially successful, nor are they ever pleasing. When the author is doing his best in this way, the reader involuntarily exclaims:—"How much better this would have been if he had written it like Bulwer!"

We have thus freely and fully indicated what appear to us to be the faults of this brilliant novel, because the fame of the author is so well established, that criticism is properly directed to his faults rather than to his excellencies. The latter are well known and undisputed, nor will there be any detraction from his well-earned fame by reason of objections taken to endeavours to depart from his natural and proper functions as a painter from the imagination more than from the life. We admire his genius, we enjoy the productions of his pen, we revel in his fictions, we are spell-bound by his romances, we devour his graceful language, we can even accept without understanding many of his mystical Germanisms. We have eagerly cut the pages of *Blackwood*, month after month, to peruse the three successive portions of *My Novel*, and, at the close of each one, we have looked impatiently forward for the next, and wondered, amid the pleasure of the reading, what, in the cold spirit of criticism, our calm judgment would say of it when it should become our duty to survey and report upon it as a whole. Even as it is, we fear we have not done justice to it, or to our own sense of its merits, for we have dwelt more particularly upon that which seemed to us to be its defects. But if we have done so, it was with the desire to ascertain by close examination what were the characteristics of Bulwer's genius, that we might learn the sources both of his strength and weakness. *My Novel*, though not one of his best, is yet better than the best of any of his contemporaries, and it will be read in this, its complete form, with delight and profit, by thousands who did not enjoy it when it appeared in sections in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Moreover, with Bulwer's works, as with all works of genius, it will be found that they will bear to be read over and over again, and on each reading afford new pleasures, and unfold new beauties; therefore, we believe that even they who have already read *My Novel* in its periodical shape will read it again now as a whole, and not

* *Roumi*, from *Romani*, foreigners; *saphi* in Arabic signifies, pure, limpid; and *roumi saphi* a stupid foreigner, a ninny.

skip any single page of it. For the same reason we shall make no extracts. It has already exhibited itself better than we could show it if we were to fill half of our columns with it.

The Society of Friends: a Domestic Narrative. By Mrs. J. R. GREER, Author of "Quakerism; or, The Story of My Life." London: Saunders and Otley.

WHAT we have said in noticing this author's former book, that no seceder from a party or a creed could be either just as an advocate, or impartial as a denouncer, applies with even more appropriateness to the present work. It is rankly theological; with its blatant self-sufficient bitterness and irrelevant sycophancy bound together by a story wooden in the extreme. For though the *dramatis personæ*, severally and combined, descant on topics theological with a loud-mouthed inflation as well as with a spiritual finesse at once appropriate to Dr. M'Hale or Mr. Newman, they are all lamentable automatons, and move to and fro in the book with but two distinctions, *blackness* and *whiteness*; the Quakers being all as black as—reader, we will not say what; and the good church-folks so especially angelic and perfect, as to seem to be no less than angels, constantly ascending as it were a Jacob's ladder, and becoming invisible through excess of glory:—

Omnes colicoles, omnes super alta tenentes.

Report tells us that the public owe—richly indebted public, do not forget your debts—this spiritual *magnum opus*, this dissection of humanity in collarless coats and poke bonnets, to the success of *Quakerism; or, The Story of My Life*, which in somewhat more than a year has reached a second edition. This it is that has sharpened the two-edged sword with which this theological lady now walks abroad to slaughter the carnal spirituality of Quakerism. But the critic somewhat accustomed to define success, as the botanist dissects a plant, or an anatomist an artery, would just hint that there are many kinds and degrees of the same; and that a book likely to gratify public curiosity, especially if such happen to be a little prurient, is sure to *sell*. This is to be lamented; but whilst portions of the public remain *quasi-educated*, they will act like children, and buy cakes for the sake of picking out the plums. Now to this cause *The Story of My Life* has owed its success. Quakerism, to the public generally, was a great mystery. It knew it as it walked the streets in drab and brown, and little more; and therefore when a book was announced, that promised to show, as in a looking-glass, how the followers of George Fox eat, drank, talked and married; how their tables were spread, their rooms furnished; whether they had natural affections, and whether they were really human beneath their simple garb—people read just as they would seek to gratify any other innocent and long-stimulated curiosity. At this Quakerism ought not, and indeed cannot, complain. The assumption of super-sanctity has its penalties; and those who will build lofty walls round their dwellings, and never walk forth unless with "sad and sober mien," must not wonder if neighbours peep and listen, or occasionally they catch a sly eye at the key-hole of the garden door. The only remedy is to let the sanctity of formula become that of spirit. Truth needs no bondage; like Virtue, it can bear the light, and, as one of the old law-maxims tells us, "fears nothing so much as to be concealed." Now success of this nature is a poor foundation on which to rest the self-satisfied assumption of fierce theological controversy. Those who picked the plums out of Quakerism will have been clogged by the delectable sweetmeats; and so much is fair play a part of the English character, as to make us believe that the rancorous partiality of this book will be at once the cause of a well-merited oblivion. Indeed, as a rule we decline to criticise this class of books; silence being the best sort of medicine for these *lusus nature*—these *diseases in print*; but there is a *virus*, a hate towards Quakerism in this book, too personal to be passed over. This is the more so, that this *virus*-theological is served up like a French dish, with adjuncts to make it palatable. But honey never yet hid gall. Not that it must be for a moment imagined that we are going to enter into polemical warfare with this beleaguering lady—this female Priam before the walls of Quakerism. Heaven forbid! THE CRITIC is no arena for religious controversy; but we have some few truths to write, some advice to give, which a chivalric feeling to the author's sex must not withhold. We should be far less merciful to one of the opposite

sex; but if ladies will assume the cassock and the bishop's apron, they must not expect to escape. A Mrs. Caudle in the pulpit is a new social feature; but, withholding her sermons, let us treat the reader to some tid-bits out of the Minerva-press dish. First, to its opening:—Date of writing, 1852; date of quality, 1801-2.

The *slanting rays of the setting sun* were cheerfully streaming through the windows of a good-sized room in one of the most respectable of the private streets in Dublin. A very *elegantly neat* tea-table was drawn to one side, the better to enjoy its gladdening influence; and the family gathered round it consisted of father, mother, one son, and two daughters.

This is the Quaker family: the younger daughter (Susanna by name) being the heroine of the story; and as she is the *rara avis* of the whole nest—the most virtuous, the only Quaker that is not wholly ebony-black—we have this specimen of her delicate art of deception:—

As soon as the door had closed on her mother, Susanna sent a servant to the circulating library for a new book. She then arranged some small articles of *bijouterie*, nicely-bound books, and some engravings, on the tables, and in a few minutes gave the room an air of taste and neatness. She opened her work-box of tortoiseshell, inlaid with silver, and laid the implements for needle-work with careless grace beside it; unfolded pieces of clear muslin, and opened a delicate white silk handkerchief, as if she were preparing to hem it. "Now the room is ready for visitors," she murmured. "I am sure I hope some will come to-day: it is so stupid here all alone." She then ran up stairs to arrange her own attire, that when the expected volume came, she might enjoy it without watching the usual hour to dress. Susanna knew that she was very handsome. Once, when her mother and Jenefer had sorely tried her naturally very sweet temper, and she was hastening to her room to hide the burning cheek and streaming eyes, her father had met her and throwing his arms tenderly around her, had asked, "What ails thee, my beautiful pet?" The loving act, and still more the flattering words, had sunk deeply into her memory. The eyes and the tongue, too, of more than one admirer, had told the same tale, and her looking-glass, also, confirmed the story. She now loitered longer than usual before its bright reflection, and, gazing, thought—"brown hair, white skin, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, red lips, white pearly teeth—how is it that Friends are not born all drab? We ought to be all one colour, or all shades of one colour—a livid green would do—or a muddy yellow—or a light shade of brick colour, would not be objectionable."

Her vanity thus full-blown, she is charitable enough to be of opinion that though the Friends' dress is suitable to match with her elder sister's ugly face, it is not in keeping with the fulness of her own extraordinary charms; and thus thinking, she commits a blunder in respect to the philosophy of ladies' dress most amusing. Shade of Mrs. Merrifield, listen to this!

I do not think she (that is, Jenefer, the ugly plain sister) could wear anything more becoming; for clear muslin and grey silk do give some appearance of elegance to her; but they do not suit me, and I do not think it right to disfigure myself.

Passing by the point insinuated here, and admitting that our knowledge is not profound on the subject of ladies' attire (possibly we might be able to distinguish between a bonnet and a gown), we still, in our office of reviewer, have too often had the question of female dress, as a branch of the fine arts, before us, not to smile at this opinion. It is drab *versus* intolerance—nothing more. Now the semi-neutral colours, such as white and grey, are amongst the most beautiful and harmonious of those applicable to female dress; and this is why the Quaker lady, though too often angular in figure and awkward in gait, bears with her the appearance of a gentlewoman. The "Cyprus lawn" and "amice grey" belong more distinctly to what is beautiful in art than the scarlet of the poppy or the yellow of the cockatoo. From the days of George Fox downwards (though we do not go so far as to say that the majority have been conscious of the matter—at least, as regards artistic alliance) the Quaker ladies have, as far as colours go, dressed the most becomingly of their sex, and with more appropriateness to the complexion. Let us recollect how fond Titian, Vandyck, and other great masters of colour, are of draping their figures in drab-coloured scarves, and of throwing a white veil over single figures. The fact is, they well knew, as many modern painters do, that the effect of drab is to make the flesh-tints brighter; and as public taste advances—as in connection with education it will—gaudy colours will belong less and less to the main articles of female attire. They will be used as accessories, not principals.

Thus so much for toleration *versus* taste. Had Susanna gone to the "steeple-house" instead of the meeting-house, she would, without doubt, have considered drabs and greys very becoming to her pretty face.

From this point of Quakerism *versus* taste we arrive at certain matters relative to Quakerism *versus* morality quite new to us. Next to the bitter and vindictive theology of this lamentable book—lamentable because it dishonours the great charities of Our Saviour's sublime creed—comes a feature most strongly needing animadversion; and this the more so that the plot is made to hinge upon it. Let a quotation introduce it:—

A blush, bright and delicate as the opening petals of a moss rose, suffused the neck, brow, and cheek of Susanna, as memory recalled the scene of yesterday. She and Jenefer had gone out shopping, and as they passed along Merrion-square, a young officer in undress had exclaimed, "How very lovely!" The sisters had both instinctively looked round, to see what the object of admiration was. The officer immediately saluted them. Offended at the liberty, and vexed with themselves for having turned round, they hastened on in silence, Jenefer walking more erect, and with a firmer step, and Susanna so nervous, that she allowed her parasol to slip from her hand. Quick as thought the gentleman sprang forward, and gracefully presenting it said, "Pardon me, beautiful lady. I did not mean to offend, but it is so rarely that mortal eyes are permitted to gaze on the face of an angel, that it is impossible to refrain from admiration, even though," he added smiling comically, "a cloud surrounds the lovely vision." Susanna took the parasol, with a frown to uphold her dignity, and a smile at the extreme compliment, but she did not speak. After passing down more than one street in silence, Jenefer said, "How disgustingly vulgar officers are! I am sure no member of our society would be capable of such rudeness as to address a female in the street. What did the man mean, Susanna, by a cloud? Thee was of course the angel." "Which of us is the angel, I cannot say," replied Susanna: "but there cannot be any doubt that the ugly bonnet is the cloud." "Ah! perhaps so," said Jenefer, "but I did not think of that." Susanna knew right well that it was the repulsive expression of Jenefer's face that was compared to the cloud, but she laid the blame gladly on her bonnet; whilst she kindly relieved her sister from a suspicion of the unwelcome truth.

Those at all acquainted with the *morale* of English life—nay, Irish life if you will—are aware that no young woman one degree higher in modesty than a nymph of the *pavé* would act thus in the open streets. At least such a woman never came under our cognizance. A love thus begun is carried on by notes and secret meetings; the Quaker brother is made indeed to connive at it, by taking this pretty sister to reviews! &c. and thus leads her, as it were, into the lion's jaws: the whole being wound up by a clandestine marriage! To say nothing of the improbability of this, and the Minerva-press vulgarity of making a dashing officer the hero of such a story, all who are acquainted with middle-class life in this country know how stringently fathers and mothers guard their daughters against even mere acquaintanceship with the military. These men, they well know, do not look for wives amongst their class, and that permitted flirtations and acquaintanceship with their young daughters would but lead to one result. In Susanna's case, too, there must have been much of opinion and early association to lend aid to womanly modesty and a sense of duty; but both these things are ignored. The author of the *Society of Friends* has as much predilection for a military hero as any poor country lass fresh from rusticity; and the effect with which *red* is made to contrast with *drab* is certainly something quite new in the harmony of literary colours. But in the hands of bigotry nothing is impossible.

Susanna has a dull Quaker lover, one Ralph Moneymore, who is thus described:—

He was now about twenty-seven years of age. A low small figure; his face had a peculiarly keen look, piercing eyes, a large nose, and a remarkably wide mouth. He was always smiling. Even in meeting, and when, as he would himself say, he was favoured with permission to sit with Friends when they were "having an opportunity," the smile remained upon his mouth. His manners were particularly gentle and insinuating—soft and courteous. If you had but a finger ache he would tenderly sympathise with you. His good nature bordered on officiousness. His anxiety to please, and to become a general favourite with "the weighty Friends," was unwearied; and he succeeded, as they always do who lay themselves out to please, and are unscrupulous in the use of flattery.

Though unceremoniously dismissed by the young lady, he takes courage again as his fortunes advance to seek her hand after a more

formal fashion; and, assisted by a friend who is to act as spokesman, thus proceeds:—

"At length he fixed on Reuben Stephenson, who, being a very plain Friend, and Susanna's cousin, was eligible for the task. Reuben made several objections to the office, for he did not think Ralph half good enough for Susanna, but of course he could not say that. At length he accepted the task, and the two worthies resolved to go to tea at Daniel Sillington's and lay the matter seriously before the parents.

They "pop in at tea-time;" and in due course, when the souchong and buttered toast are despatched, solicit a private interview with Susanna's parents. This is acceded to; and the conclave withdraw into an inner chamber.

The chairs being all ranged round the room, quite close to the wall, Ralph could not push his back one inch, as he would fain have done. So they were all seated in a row. Not a word was spoken for several minutes. Ralph was in an agony of suspense, and could again very comfortably have killed Reuben, for not speaking out at once. In a far down, out of the way corner of his heart, where the Friends could not see, he cursed him bitterly for prolonging a silence, which was every moment becoming more intolerable and more ridiculous—sitting and waiting for "the immediate inspiration of best wisdom," to guide him to the right moment for making the set speech which was already prepared for him. But Reuben took no note of him. With back very straight, and eyes cast down, he sat: his hands clasped, and his knees crossed, evidently in a serious waiting frame of mind. Daniel and his wife, of course, sat silent, attentive to hear whatever might be communicated to them. At last, Reuben slowly uncrossed his knees, unfolded his hands, made repeated use of his pocket-handkerchief, and then leaned forward on his chair and spoke:—"Uncle, aunt—Ralph Moneymore has requested me to accompany him on the present occasion. He desires me to say, he is actuated by a desire to seek your daughter Susanna in marriage; also, that the subject has long been before his mind; and he believes his drawing towards the young woman is in accordance with her feelings towards him. He is prepared to lay a statement of his means of supporting her before you, and he apprehends that his income, united to the portion which you will probably incline to give your daughter, will be ample for a commencement in life." Reuben ceased, leaned back again, and again crossed his knees, clasped his hands, and closed his eyes, with all due gravity. Daniel and his wife remained silent, and Ralph felt that he must now speak; but he was choking, no word would come for him. He thought if he could only utter one malediction on the provoking coolness of Reuben, it would relieve him; if he could only throw himself at Susanna's feet he could speak; if he could even draw his chair out of sight of the solemn looking trio, he might emit a word; but no, there he must sit, and the longer he was silent, the greater was the difficulty of breaking the silence. At last the words came incoherently, for his feelings were intensely interested: "I love her most truly. Will you permit me to ask her to become my wife?" No answer came for several minutes. Poor Ralph! The love he felt for Susanna was strong indeed, or he could not have borne as he did the intolerable suspense.

The parents retire to consult Susanna, and then to send her to her expectant lover; but he is the victim of a new trick on the part of the pretty coquette, and, after waiting a long time expecting "the sweet girl," he departs in vast dudgeon. Thus discarded by one sister, the other, though a plain Friend and "a minister," wishes to secure him for herself; but the lover is invincible, though the lady makes the offer in a very plain way indeed.

Next follows a waste of dreary polemics, on which, as we before said, we have no desire to enter. The Gospel is not a fitting subject for a novel, though the motive be to show that those "are saved" who go to church, and those are "inevitably lost" who wear drab coats and go to a meeting-house. Our Lord said divinely, "Be ye all brethren;" and this text guides the charity of our pen, as God grant it ever may.

Susanna, returning home from the country, ascribes her improved looks to horse-exercise; whereupon her father buys her a pony, and she rides out daily. This simple pleasure is made to lead to a renewed acquaintanceship with the "officer" by the improbable circumstance of her brother escorting her to a military review.

Though baffled and rejected, Ralph Moneymore is of opinion that patience and perseverance will be potential; so he proceeds with his suit as men of old used to besiege cities; whilst the plain sister, having failed in procuring the lover for herself, lends a helping hand. Ralph proposes again, and is accepted by the parents, who are led by their plain daughter to believe that Susanna's persistent refusal arises from bashfulness and obstinacy,—the father comforting himself for his

feeble show of coercion by "a strong tumbler of spirits and water."

As in *Punch's* weekly title-page small devils and fry of that sort are made to drop out of roses and lilies, so, of course, is there unutterable sin lurking in this "strong tumbler." We presume the strong tumbler was made so purposely to retain the potency of the Quaker mixture. We have certainly heard before of a tumbler of strong spirits and water, but never of a strong tumbler of ditto ditto. Like Captain Cuttle, we must "make a note of it;" and learn from Osler or Apsley Pellatt why they thus make the Friends' tumblers stronger than those of Church people. Orthodoxy and unorthodoxy, in the matter of glass, is something new.

The marriage thus determined on, its preparations are proceeded with. Susanna consults her brother, who advises her to tacitly acquiesce, by way of throwing the household off their guard, securing a good wardrobe, and affording him time to arrange matters with the "officer."

The result is an *à propos* meeting between the lovers, and that "day week, at eight o'clock in the morning," they are privately married; Susanna returning home with her brother, very proud that she is "the wife of an officer," and "concealing the token of her morning's employment by suspending it—the ring—round her neck with a thread of black silk."

The *dénouement* comes in good time. The evening before the intended marriage to Ralph Moneymore, the mother and plain sister proceed to lecture her on matronly duties, whereupon the whole is discovered; and Susanna, "snapping the string, places the ring upon her finger—whereupon a cold thrill passes through her frame, followed instantly by a burning glow!"

A scene follows melo-dramatic enough for the wind-up of a French *vaudeville*; for the mother falls on the sofa into hysterics, the father into a paralytic fit, and the plain sister marches about like a tragedy queen in the character of *Lady Macbeth*. "The soldier's bride," plus the well-filled boxes, retires to an inn and summons her husband.

In a few days "the happy pair" depart to England. As years roll by, Death steps in a victor, and the once gay officer quits this life. Moved by what her husband has said—for though of the church, she has not yet been baptized, and after many lengthened and profound conversations with one Mr. Reynolds, a worthy clergyman, the now pious widow is baptized, and, for ever quitting "the tents of her fathers," is received into the bosom of the church, and is consequently saved. The salvation of our Lord not being, as this lady explains it, for the poor, lost, atheistic wearers of drab coats and poke bonnets!

Has the reader had enough of the charity of this dogmatic, presumptuous book? We heartily hope so. In the days of Hannah More or Mr. Amory such a book might have done something to warp public judgment—it cannot do so now. The heaven of a bigoted past is not for our generation. This is something to be glad of; for were such dark intolerance rife in the hearts of the public we might, as years advance, expect to see this age of the milder charities reversed, and the fires of Smithfield, the horrors of the dungeons in the Tower, the Marshalsea, and the Gatehouse resuscitated, and new Acts of the Six Articles and of Uniformity passed in Parliament. Nay, we might expect to see the natural corollary of these things in a new Court of High Commission and a new Star Chamber. The ascending steps of despotism, whether in religion or politics, have always one character—one culminating point; but in this age of the GREAT CHARITIES such things may not be: the CROWN, the PRESS, and the PEOPLE are sublimely one; and the bonds of this precious union no one can break. We wish to write no defence of Quakerism—personally we have very strong reasons to denounce its worldly, narrow spirit, that remains like a canker even in the blood of those who have seceded from its tenets; but nothing personal has a right to indoctrinate the truth and justice of the Press. And therefore on public grounds, Quakerism has no more right to be thus fiercely assaulted than Methodism or any other form of dissent. Nor does our Church want advocacy of such a character as appears in these volumes. Its intellectual clergy will only smile—the smile of pity and charity. They, moreover, well know that this class of advocates wound rather than defend. As for Quakerism, it too can afford to smile; there is a very homely English proverb—not for us to repeat—that it may with compla-

cency recollect. Though *The Society of Friends* paints Quaker men and women as only so many actors of what is mean, weak, impure, dishonest, and hypocritical, the public know better than to believe these things. Even in that country from which the author of *The Society of Friends* dates her book, the year of famine is not quite forgotten; nor as to who were amongst the greatest ministers of relief in the awful hour. Let them but refer to Miss Martineau's admirable article on Ireland in the last number of *The Westminster Review*, and learn from that some honest truths of Quaker acts, and the estimation in which broad brims and poke bonnets are held. Let them remember, too, the Quaker-home in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and be assured that such are multiplied in our land. As for what is worldly and narrow in Quakerism, it is not such books as this that will lessen it. Diviner powers, than any bigotry can summon to its aid, are effecting, if slowly, changes it may be desirable to see. Trade is becoming science; science needs knowledge; and thus will its formula and its narrowness be lessened by the very power it seeks that formula may flourish.

We hope to have no more such books. They dishonour the female pen; that pen so great in the present day; that pen so sublimely active in teaching the divine charities of Christ. If, however, the Friends are to be again assailed, let some pains be previously taken to understand what Puritanism was, and what it effected; what it did for the civil and religious liberties of the nation; what it intrinsically was when separated from some few things that were not so good in kind—and let there be a wiser study of the acts and charities of the GREAT SERMON. If this cannot be done, it will be well to write no more,—the fabrication of puddings, stockings, and flannel waistcoats, will serve to more wholesome ends than pages marked by uncharitable invective and unchristian polemics.

THE 10th volume of the new *Library Edition* of the Waverley Novels contains *The Monastery*, complete, with all the author's notes, and two engravings—one a portrait of James I., the other a landscape and figures by E. Landseer. The typography is perfect, and old eyes will enjoy the bold clear letter.—*Influence; or, the Evil Genius*, is a new tale by the popular author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam." It is elegantly, and in parts powerfully, written, with a sound moral aim, and embellished with numerous woodcuts.—America continues to contribute largely to the realms of fiction. Another authoress has made a stir there second only to Mrs. Stowe, and her fame has spread to England, where she is already becoming popular. Her name, it seems, is ELIZABETH WETHERELL; but our readers will perhaps know her better as the authoress of a remarkable novel, entitled *The Wide, Wide World*. Messrs. Routledge have just added that famous fiction to their *Railway Library*, and also another novel of inferior merit, by the same writer, called *Speculation; or, the Glen Luva Family*.—A third novel from the same pen, entitled *Dollars and Cents*, has been issued in a cheap form by Clarke and Co.—We have already noticed Addey and Co.'s illustrated edition of *Andersen's Fairy Legends and Tales*. The complete work is now before us, handsomely bound in green and gold. The illustrations are numerous and very beautiful. No more charming present to children could be made than this. The volume is, in all respects, worthy of the delightful and heart-improving tales it enshrines.—Mr. Bohn has added to his *Illustrated Library* an attractive volume of *Stories of English and Foreign Life*, by WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT. These are embellished with twenty beautiful engravings on steel, most of them portraits. We presume that these tales have been gathered from the contributions of the authors to the periodicals. They are very interesting, and we doubt not will prove among the most popular of the Library to which they belong.—*Sunny Side, or a Peep at No. 5*, is an amusing novel, borrowed, it would seem, from America.—A fourth edition has been issued of *Home Truths for Home Peace*, which we had occasion to notice with commendation on its first appearance.—A romantic tale, founded on Hood's Ballad, *The Haunted House*, has been published by ELIZA S. KEATING. It is entitled *Raymond Bury*. It is written with a good deal of ability.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Welton Dale, by T. J. TERRINGTON, is one of that numerous class of poems that puzzle the critic. Their character is mediocrity. There is no positive fault beyond the absence of positive beauties. The author has poetical feelings, which he has mistaken for poetical power. He writes prettily, he has a good ear for melody, and a vein of wholesome sentiment runs through his verses. But there is no originality in them. We cannot find a new idea. Therefore we are obliged to say that he is not a poet, only a pleas-

ing verse-maker.—*Fragments from the Crystal Palace*, by E. LEATHES, are better than any other poems or rhapsodies produced by the Exhibition. It distances Mr. Warren. But was it worth publishing so few stanzas in a distinct pamphlet? It should have been contributed to a magazine.—*The Colony, a Poem*, is one of those mistakes which it is wonderful that even a parent can make, spite of the proverbial fondness for its own bantling. How could any person, author or printer, read this and imagine it to be poetry? For instance:—

And the shock'd nature solely hears display'd,
How Britons once pursued the human trade;
These future realms will bless the generous few
Whose care was with religion to imbue.
Shall grieve that people who, however great,
By giving ruse assume their purple state, &c. &c. &c.

—Mr. BOHN's *Classical Library* has been enriched by an excellent translation of the *Idylls of Theocritus*, *Bion*, and *Moschus*, and the *War Songs of Tyrtæus*, by the Rev. J. BANKS, with metrical versions, by Mr. J. M. CHAPMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Australian and Californian Gold Discoveries, and their probable Consequences. By PATRICK JAMES STIRLING, F.R.S.E. Author of "The Philosophy of Trade." Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

IN a series of letters, Mr. Stirling endeavours to discuss systematically the economical bearings and probable social results of the gold discoveries. He commences with a statement of elementary principles, and an exposition of the nature and functions of money, so expressed as to be intelligible to the unlearned reader, avoiding, as far as possible, technical terms, and employing familiar illustrations. Mr. Stirling anticipates very tremendous consequences from the influx of gold—nothing less than "a great social and commercial revolution—a disturbance of the relations and distribution of property, not unlike what took place in England in the reign of Elizabeth." The history of the world presents but one example at all to be compared with present circumstances—the discovery of America in the sixteenth century. Then, within thirty years, prices in England and over Europe rose suddenly to about three times their former amount. The conclusion he draws is that "the American mines did not produce their effect upon European prices for eighty years after their discovery, simply because eighty years elapsed before any material reduction took place in the cost of producing the metal (silver) which then formed the standard of money in every country of Europe."

But in our case we shall not be dependent upon silver and quicksilver for the supply of gold. It is found native, and the results will show themselves more speedily.

Mr. Stirling then examines the relative value of gold and silver, and the laws which regulate the distribution of the precious metals among the different countries of the world; and he demonstrates that the higher or lower range of prices in each country depends on the relative efficiency of its labour. In conclusion he points out the nature of the effects which the gold discoveries are likely to produce on agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and on the material prosperity of the different classes of the community.

These effects are then stated, and we give them in his own words:

CONSEQUENCES TO LABOURERS.

It is during the progress of the consequent change from low to high prices, that the chief benefit of those new sources of wealth which providence has opened up to us will be experienced by the producing classes. When the effect has been fully produced, all things will return to their former state. The artisan who now earns half-a-crown a-day will be quickened into renewed diligence as long as his wages are in process of augmentation. But the increase of money consequent on the diminished cost of the metals will not raise the price of labour only, but the prices of all things. The enhancement of money wages will probably be preceded by the enhancement of the money value of commodities, and after the rise of wages and prices has become general, the labourer will be no better off than before. As prices are now adjusted, his money wages enable him to command a certain amount, whatever it be, of the necessities and conveniences of life. In these, and not in the money which he receives, his real remuneration consists. Increase his money wages from half-a-crown to five shillings, and double at the same time the price of his food, his clothing, his fuel, and lodging, everything, in short, which he has occasion to purchase, or wishes to consume, and after the change he will be able to live no better than at present. His nominal wages have advanced, but his real wages have not been increased. He gets more money, but he acquires no

additional command over the goods which that money will purchase.

CONSEQUENCES TO THE TRADER.

Nor will the capitalist ultimately be in a better situation. His profits depend upon the proportion between his outgoings and his returns. Increase the amount of money in general circulation, and his returns will be raised in pecuniary value; but if his outgoings are raised, as ultimately they must be, in the same proportion, the rate of his profits will not be increased. The amount of his profits will be greater, but he will in reality be no richer than before, because the increased amount will purchase no more of the necessities and luxuries of life than the smaller nominal amount which he now receives.

CONSEQUENCES TO THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

As regards the agricultural interest, the change will affect landlords and tenants variously. By the proprietor who cultivates his own lands an improvement will be instantly experienced. He stands in a position, in this respect, similar to that of the manufacturer. The money value of his corn, his cattle, and other produce, will be enhanced, but concurrently there will be a proportional rise in the money value of the capital employed in cultivation. Rent and profits will increase in money value, but after the change has been fully effected, the increased amount will go no farther than the present amount—the purchase of commodities and the expense of living. To the tenant who has just entered upon a lease for, suppose, twenty-one years, at a fixed money rent adjusted with reference to existing prices, the change will bring twenty-one years of increasing wealth and prosperity. To the landlord, who must wait until the expiration of this term for an increase of rent, and who must in the interval pay double for every thing he consumes, with increased rates and taxes, and interest and jointures not diminished, the change will bring twenty-one years of hardship and privation. After the lapse of this period neither party will be a gainer; the rent will be proportioned to the new scale of prices, and that rent, so augmented, will go no farther than the landlord's present income in furnishing him with the necessities and luxuries of life.

CONSEQUENCES TO THE CLERGY.

In the case of the clergy, whose incomes rise and fall with the money price of corn, the change will be little felt. Not so with naval and military officers, judges, civil functionaries, and all who have fixed pecuniary incomes. In their case, a general reduction of the value of money will diminish their means of living to a corresponding extent, and the hardship will continue until stipends and pensions are raised in proportion to the general advance of prices.

But those whom it will most affect will be the

DEBTORS AND CREDITORS.

The landlord whose estate is charged with dower, or with provisions to younger children, or a reserved rent in perpetuity, will find his burdens materially lightened; for although the pecuniary amount of these burdens will not be diminished, his rents, his returns, his means of meeting these payments, will be greatly increased. The mortgagor will benefit to a corresponding extent, and for the same reason, while the creditor, the mortgagee, will be the sufferer. He has lent, we shall suppose, 1000*l.* upon the security of a land estate, to bear interest at four per cent. Under this covenant he will still receive 40*l.* a-year as before; but that sum, if reduced one-half in purchasing power, will command, in all time to come, only one-half the quantity of commodities which it now does. In a word, during the progress of the change, the producing classes will be the gainers, and consumers will be the losers. The former will benefit temporarily—the latter, at least those of them who live upon fixed incomes, will suffer in perpetuity. Debtors will get richer, creditors will get poorer. Production, in all the departments of industry, agricultural and manufacturing, will be powerfully excited and stimulated. Rents, wages, and profits, will be elevated simultaneously. Money will everywhere abound, and the country will rapidly advance in material prosperity. The creation and accumulation of capital—meaning by capital not gold and silver, but materials, provisions, and tools, permanent improvements on land, the construction of docks, railways, canals, bridges, ships, and useful machines, improved means of living, and increased production of commodities in all the departments of industry—will be the ultimate consequence of the gold discoveries; and in this, rather than in the direct and immediate effects, the true value of these discoveries will be found to consist.

These changes, however, will be attended with much suffering to many classes.

The government will grow weaker, the nobility, and in general all who live upon estates and established stipends, will become poorer, till by an increase of taxes, advancements of rents, &c. things can be re-established. But before this can be accomplished, many and great alterations will naturally happen. The government being thus weakened and distressed, disorders will inevitably arise, as peace and good order cannot be preserved unless the strength of the government bears a due proportion to that of the governed. The nobility must change their fashion of life, and abate of their ancient splendour. New debts

will be contracted, increased lands mortgaged, and before the ancient owners have a right understanding of the cause of their distresses, many must part with their estates, and give place to new comers. And this is a natural consequence of a sudden flux of money; the enriching of one part of the community at the expense of the other; a change of manners among all ranks, some perhaps for the better and some for the worse; until this tide having spent itself, things are again resettled, though perhaps in quite a new form.

Such are the consequences to be anticipated from the Gold Fields. We do not assent to all the arguments or conclusions of Mr. Stirling, for reasons which it would be impossible to state within the limits of a literary journal; but we can recommend his volume as a calm, sagacious, and thoughtful review of a most important crisis in the destinies of our country and of the world.

Rambles in an old City; comprising Antiquarian, Historical, Biographical and Political Associations. By S. S. MADDERS. London: Newby.

"The old city" is the city of Norwich: the rambler whose notes are here given to the world is a lady, who is not, as we gather from the preface, a native and impelled by a native's enthusiasm, but a stranger by birth, an adopted daughter of ten years' residence, and who has amused the leisure of those ten years, by gathering together all that was curious and interesting in the locality, and which she has now sought to give to the world, or rather, to those who are connected with the scenes she describes, not in the wonted Dryadust style, but in the form of essays, and embellished with the graces of a literary pen. To all who have associations with the ancient city, whether present or past, this will be a welcome volume. To strangers, it will be less interesting, but even they will glean from it much that is curious and amusing. For instance, these are some of the

SUPERSTITIONS OF NORWICH.

The rosemary is said to flower on old Christmas-day; and Mrs. Lubbock says that she recollects, on one occasion, a great argument about which was the real Christmas-day, and to settle the point three men agreed to decide by watching that plant. They gathered a bunch at eleven o'clock at night of the old Christmas-day; it was then in bud. They threw it upon the table, and did not look at it until after midnight, when they went in, and found the bloom just dropping off.

Concerning the weather, she says, when a sundog (or two black spots to be seen by the naked eye) comes on the south side of the sun, there will be fair weather; when on the north there will be foul. "The sun then fares to be right muddled and crammed down by the dog."

Of the moon, she says—

Saturdays new, and Sundays full,
Never was good, and never well.

If you see the old moon with the new, there will be stormy weather.

If it rains on a Sunday before mass,
It rains all the week, more or less.

"If it rains on a Sunday before the church doors are open, it will rain all the week, more or less; or else we shall have three rainy Sundays."

"If it rains the first Thursday after the moon comes in, it will rain, more or less, all the while the moon lasts, especially on Thursdays."

"If there be bad weather, and the sun does not shine all the week, it will always show forth some time on the Saturday."

"It will not be a hard winter when acorns abound, and there are no hips nor haws."

If Noah's Ark shows many days together,
There will be foul weather.

"On three nights in the year it never lightens (*i. e.* clears up) anywhere; and if a man knew those nights he would not turn a dog out."

"We shall have a severe winter when the swallows and martins take great pains to teach their young ones to fly; they are going a long journey, to get away from the cold that is coming. It is singular they should know this, but they do."

"The weather will be fine when the rooks play pitch-halfpenny—*i. e.* when, flying in flocks, some of them stoop down and pick up worms, imitating the action of a boy playing pitch-halfpenny."

"There will be severe winter and deep snow when snow-banks (*i. e.* white fleecy clouds) hang about the sky."

In 1845, she knew there would be a failure of some crop, "because the evening star rode so low." The leading star (*i. e.* the last star in the Bear's Tail) was above it all the summer the potato blight occurred." She feared the failure would have been in the wheat, till she saw the man's face in it, and then she was comfortable, and did not think of any other crop. Her opinion was, that the potato blight was caused by the lightning, because the turf burnt so sulphur-

ously. "The lightning," she says, "carries a burr round the moon, and makes the *roke* (fog) rise in the marshes, and smell strong."

A failure in the "ash keys," she pronounces a sign of a change in the government.

If the hen moult before the cock,
We get a winter as hard as a rock;
If the cock moult before the hen,
We get a winter like a spring.

"She put plenty of salt in the water while washing clothes, to keep the thunder out, and to keep away foul spirits."

Of the cuckoo, she says, "When evil is coming, he sings low among the bushes, and can scarcely get his 'cuckoo' out. In the last week before he leaves, he always tells all that will happen in the course of the year till he comes again—all the shipwrecks, storms, accidents, and everything. If any one is about to die suddenly, or to lose a relation, he will light upon touch-wood, or a rotten bough and 'cuckoo'."

"He is always here three months to a day, and sings all the while. The first of April is the proper day for him to come, and when he does so there is sure to be a good and early harvest. If he does not come till May, then the harvest is into October. If he sings long after midsummer, there will be a Michaelmas harvest. If any one hears the cuckoo first when in bed, there is sure to be illness or death, to him or one of his family."

Among her saws are—

Them that ever mind the world to win,
Must have a black cat, a howling dog, and a crowing hen.

If youth could know what age do crave,
Sights of pennies youth would save.

They that live
Between sickle and scythe,
Shall never thrive.

With reference to howling dogs, she says, "Pull

off your left shoe and turn it, and it will quiet him. I always used to do so when I was in service. I hated to hear the dogs howl. There was no tax then, and the farmers kept a *heap* of them. They won't howl three times after the turning the shoe: if you are in bed, turn the shoe upside down by the bedside."

The Year-book of Facts for 1853 is another volume of an old and popular book, which has appeared at the beginning of the new year, telling us of the most remarkable doings and discoveries of the year that is gone. The editor, Mr. TIMBS, collects from all the scientific periodicals the memorable facts they have recorded, and arranged them in classes, so that the progress of human knowledge in every department may be read without the trouble of research.—The Bishop of Rupert's Land (who is he?) has sent us a little volume of *Notes of the Flood at the Red River in 1852*,—said river being in Canada, and its overflowing producing terrible disasters to the people, and desolation to the country. It has a painful interest, something weakened by an excess in affectation of piety.—*The Forbidden Book* is the title given to two bulky volumes by one DR. DICKSON, who either believes, or desires others to believe, that he has discovered some new theories of hygiene, which he calls Chrono-Thermalism. It is, for the most part, a series of attacks on medical men. When it attempts to be scientific, it is absurd and unintelligible.—Mr. P. P. THOMAS has issued a *Refutation* of arguments in certain official documents transmitted from Hong Kong. We cannot venture an opinion on this work, and therefore we merely announce the fact.—*St. Andrew's University Calendar*, from 1800 to 1852, describes itself.—Mr. E. F. ROBERTS has sent us a somewhat grandiloquent account of *A Visit to the Iron Works and Environs of Merthyr Tydfil in 1852*. It will probably please the

natives.—The new volume of "Bohn's Standard Library" is the fourth of Dr. SCHMIDT's valuable edition of the *Prose-Works of Milton*. It contains the MS. found in the State-Paper Office a few years ago.—The Rev. R. W. BRUSH has published, by request, a lecture delivered by him at Islington on *Marlborough and Wellington*. It is an elegant comparison of the career of our two great military heroes, much to the advantage of the later one.—The interminable and tedious question "Who was Junius?" has called into the field another speculator, one Mr. AYERST, who contends that Sir Robert Rich was the man. How many more claimants to the title will yet appear?—Mr. DYCE, R.A., has published a pamphlet on the *National Gallery, its Formation and Management*, in which he treats with very great ability the question what a national collection ought to be, and how it should be arranged and exhibited. Doubtless those who have the management of the great work about to be commenced will profit by the hints here offered to them.—*Observations on India*, by a Resident there of many Years. London: Chapman.—At this time, when the government of India is to be the subject of deliberation in Parliament, and of discussion by the press, this will be an acceptable volume. It briefly details the results of the writer's experiences of the country and the people. He describes Calcutta and its social condition, the condition of the government, the state of education, the position of the English, the opinions and feelings of the natives, the productions, the commerce, and the capacities of the magnificent country now subject to our sway. This is done without any waste of words; for, having really much to tell, the author has no need to expand his narrative. Hence a sensible volume, teeming with information useful to those who have any interest in, or connection with, our Indian empire.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

On the 17th of February, 1852, his Highness the Prince President of the French Republic, after having visited the collections of the Louvre, commanded the keeper, Count de Nieukerke, to collect all the objects necessary for the formation of a new museum, in which should be preserved memorials of the sovereigns who have reigned over France. On the 17th of February, 1853, his Majesty the Emperor of the French, accompanied by her Majesty the Empress, called that way, and found the new museum ready to be opened by them; and since then the gaping Parisians have been flooding the five great *salles* which compose it. Count de Nieukerke had a *carte blanche* for the seizure, from all the public collections of France, of any of the objects necessary for the new museum, and naturally he met with a good deal of resistance, not always overcome:—hence imperfections which remain to be removed. But the collection, as a whole, gives great satisfaction, and is another added to the many noble public exhibitions with which Paris abounds. All manner of pieces of furniture, implements and knickknacks, from the couch of Henry the Fourth to Louis Philippe's elm-wood desk, are arranged in departments tastefully and truthfully decorated in the varying styles of varying ages. The great *Salle Impériale* is naturally the one on which most pains have been bestowed: here you see the coat the Great Emperor had on at Marengo, his camp-bed, the cradle of the king of Rome, the round hat of St. Helena—all set in an appropriate environment more easy to be imagined than described.

In the otherwise pretty general dullness of Paris, that well-known couple, M. and Madame Emile de Girardin, have been making a good deal of noise. While Monsieur has been revolting in *La Presse* against the Imperial censorship, Madame has been having her new comedy, in five acts, and in *prose*, *Lady Tartuffe* to wit, played at the *Théâtre Français*, and all Paris has been there to see. The fair and witty authoress has made not a bad pun upon her own piece; she calls it *Tartuffe en lady* (enlaidi); and though some of the critics think her pun too true, the applause of the audience gave a negative to her modesty; and former failures or semi-failures are atoned for by Madame's present success. The she-Tartuffe of the piece, the heroine, is a certain widow de Blossac, a by no means amiable character. She pretends to be very devout and philanthropic; but people who knew a certain adventure

of hers in England some years ago, with a certain Arthur, would set her down as an arch-hypocrite. Old and honest Marshal d'Estigny is quite smitten with her, thinking her a really good woman, and she, for her part, is working to become Madame la Maréchale. Why not be content with that ambition? The foolish as well as wicked woman takes it into her head to fall in love (without matrimonial intentions) with a certain M. de Renneville, who has no fancy for her because he knows about that adventure with Arthur, and is moreover to be married to Mademoiselle Jeanne de Clamont, a most enchanting young lady of seventeen, the grand-daughter, moreover, of the old Marshal. The wicked heroine's designs are, therefore, in number, three:—First, she has to become Madame la Maréchale. Second, she has to make M. de Renneville fall in love with her. Third, she has to blast the character, and so prevent the marriage, of the innocent Jeanne. Suffice it to say that the part is played by Mademoiselle Rachel, and that, after five acts of constant machination, of alternate hypocrisy by the side of the old Marquis and "passion" by the side of M. de Renneville, Lady Tartuffe, like the great original of Molière's drama, but without ever getting so far as he did, is unmasked, and turned out of doors.

A picture of female wickedness likewise is the new novel of the author of the *Mysteries of Paris*, that precious literary gentleman, M. Eugène Sue. In *La Marquise d'Alfi*, M. Sue has been endeavouring to incorporate with his usual delineations of unheard-of villainies, a quantity of description of Alpine scenery, and so forth: the *locale* of the story being laid at Annecy—Jean Jacques Rousseau's Annecy—and the mountainous country around. There is a wicked Marchioness in those parts, who has made love under false pretences to a certain Julien, who throws himself into the Rhone, and is thought by his father to be drowned, but is not drowned; and, disguised as a shepherd, going about *incog*, Julien's father, Robert by name, never a very cheerful person, turns misanthropical after his son's supposed death. One of these days who should come to Annecy but the very Marchioness; and she has taken it into her head to wander about all manner of inaccessible peaks, and has especially set her heart upon ascending a mountain called *La Tournette*, and sitting upon an almost unapproachable rock, called *Le Fauteuil*. Who is to be her guide but Robert, the only man thereabouts that can guide to such out-of-the-

way places; and he, recognising the virtual murderess of his son, consents to accompany her, but broods revenge. The two arrive, after unheard-of perils, at the mysterious *Fauteuil*; and there Robert explains his plans of vengeance: in a couple of hours an advancing cloud will have frozen 'em both, and buried 'em beneath the snow. Profound sensation on the part of the Marchioness! And, just as she is dying, who should arrive but Julien himself, accompanied by a young shepherdess; both come to assist the travellers, whom they have heard to be surprised by the snow. It is too late; and the Marchioness dies, breathing a tardy tenderness to Julien!

The noise of the heterodox political pamphlets at Berlin ceases to make itself heard, drowned as it is by the thunder of parliamentary eloquence, from honourable "Abgeordnete," discussing the "new constitution" in the Prussian House of Commons, not without provocations to duelling, and deprecatory addresses from the bewildered Herr President! The Berlin booksellers, with the usual vanity of their nation, are determined to wrest from Leipzig its bibliopolic supremacy, and are planning a Berlin book-fair. A new literary enterprise is being commenced under the auspices of the King of Prussia. *Die Geschichtschreiber der Deutschen Vorzeit* ("The Early Historians of Germany")—bookseller Duncker acting as publisher, and Pertz, Jacob Grimm, Lachmann, Ranke, Ritter, as editors. Kaulbach (the artist whose beautiful allegorical frescoes of the History of Man, on the walls of the new Berlin Museum, have made so much noise) has returned to Munich, and is busy with Outlines to Shakspeare, of which those to *Macbeth* are nearly finished. At Munich, too, Liebig, the chemist, is settled, and there was lately a public banquet given to him there, under royal patronage, and attended by the flower of Munich culture. His course of lectures, at the new laboratory, counts members of the royal family among their hearers. Of other new German literary phenomena, two books are worthy of mention; one of them in the way of blame, the other of praise. The first is Schiller's *Selbstcharakteristik; nach des Dichters Briefen seit seinem 18 Lebensjahre bis zum letzten entworfen* ("Schiller's Character, painted by himself; from his Correspondence," &c.); another of the catchpenny publications of that inveterate bookmaker, Dr. Heinrich Doering. The recommendable work is the *Briefwechsel zwischen W. Ollers und F. W. Bessel*; an interesting collection of the correspondence of those two notable

German astronomers, edited by the scientific Erman.

The Americans are full of hope that the talk of law of international copyright will act as a protection to native industry in literature, and that at last the world is about to witness that development of Transatlantic intellect, the advent of which has been so long predicted. Meanwhile, their literature is perfectly inert, and the chief symptoms of publishing life are reproductions of Thackeray's scattered writings, executed with the permission of the author himself. The latest of these is the publication, from *Fraser's Magazine*, of *The Confessions of Fitzboodle*, a work not generally known to be from Thackeray's pen.

FRANCE.

Olympe de Clèves. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. 5 vols. Paris: 1852.

THE MESSIEURS DUMAS, *père et fils*, appear to have engaged in a strange contest, and the chances appear hitherto very equal as to which of the two will eventually bear away the envied palm. The spectacle of two highly imaginative and intellectual men, vying with each other in producing works, of, to say the least of them, an immoral tendency, must at all times give birth to feelings of humiliation and regret; but when these two men stand towards each other in the relation of father and son, disgust becomes predominant, and we scarcely know which to detest most, the shamelessness of the father or the precocious impudence of the son.

The facility with which the elder Dumas wields his pen has now become proverbial. We read the other day that no less than thirty-six volumes had come from him in three months. Candour compels us to admit that, as works of the imagination go, those of M. Dumas contain far more than the average amount of interesting and exciting *pabulum*—just that description of matter which is best calculated to meet with the approval, and stir the jaded appetite, of that very *blasé* individual, the general reader. Whether morality, or even common sense, will be found to exist in any great abundance, is quite another question. The science of mechanics teaches us that what we gain in speed we lose in power, and M. Dumas furnishes us with no reason to suppose that a contrary rule prevails in literature. The fatal facility of M. Dumas has been called a literary diarrhoea; and, judging by the sample of his productions now before us, the term is not inappropriate.

The story of *Olympe de Clèves* is that of an actress who, after having lived as the concubine of a gentleman of rank, and afterwards with an escaped novice of the Jesuits, returns to her former lover, who has married in the interim, only to forsake him again in favour of the novice, whom eventually she marries. Around this precious character are grouped all those circumstances which a shallow sophist knows so well how to invent, for the purpose of investing the creatures of his distempered fancy with a morbid interest which his unthinking readers may mistake for spiritual sentiment. She is painted as a heroine; but the paint is but rouge and pearl-powder. She assumes the character of a Magdalen; but her Magdalen is but the rôle of a comedy!

The hero of the story is Bannière, the novice, to whom we are introduced at the commencement of the first volume. In the noviciate of the Jesuits he is bitten with a rabid admiration for actors and acting, which is only inflamed by an accidental conversation with Champmeslé, a famous comedian, who is wearied and disgusted with his art, and desirous of being received into the bosom of the church. Bannière escapes from the noviciate at the same time that Champmeslé escapes from the theatre. A grand representation is to be given that very night, and there is no one to take Champmeslé's part of *Hérode*, in Voltaire's *Hérode et Marianne*; the representation is about to fail, much to the discomfiture of Mdlle. Olympe, *première* of the troupe, a beautiful young actress, though not overburdened with morality. Bannière presents himself, and is received with open arms both by the manager and Mdlle. Olympe; he knows the part of *Hérode* without rehearsal; he appears, achieves a most tremendous success, and Mdlle. Olympe owes him a debt of gratitude which Mdlle. Olympe alone is able and willing to pay. Matters fall very opportunely in these romances; for lo! whilst Bannière is on

the stage, Champmeslé walks off with his black robe, and Bannière cannot, of course, return to the convent in the purple and ermine of king Herod; so Mdlle. Olympe has to give him shelter; and that very night she gets a *billet doux* from M. de Mailly (her *entrepreneur*) to say that he has forsaken her, and that there are a thousand *louis* in the *secrétaire*. So much the better: M. de Mailly being gone, there is room for M. Bannière; and M. Bannière is not slow to take his place; so they betake themselves to Lyons, and live upon M. de Mailly's *louis* so long as they last. But when those are spent, what think you our hero does? Why he takes to gambling, and steals the jewelry of his mistress to supply the fire that consumes and gives nothing back. Here is a sweet scene of sentiment, between the hero and the heroine of a love tale!

"I conjure you, dear Olympe," said Bannière, standing before her, "do not seek that ring!"—"Why not?" insisted Olympe; "it is worth a hundred *louis*; you shall gamble with them and lose them, and then you will have the satisfaction of having lost sixty-two thousand four hundred francs like a *cordon bleu*!" Saying these words, she opened her jewel-casket. It was empty! To paint her surprise, her paleness, the strange light which shot from her eyes, and the expression of her face as she turned towards Bannière, and anger softened into contempt, is far beyond the art of either the painter or the poet. Olympe let fall the lid of the jewel-casket, and her hand upon the lid. Then something seemed to die within her. Bannière threw himself at her knees, seized and embraced them weeping. "Pardon, Olympe," said he, "pardon! I have taken the ring as I have taken all your other jewels." Olympe said nothing; but continued, like Dido, with her eyes fixed upon the ground. "Oh! pity!" said the *malheureux*. (How should this be translated, if not by the word *wretch*?) "Do you think that I have taken this ring to sell it and spend the price upon myself? No; I sold it that I might have the wherewith to play.—Why should I play?—To win! to win, that I might enrich Olympe, my divinity, my life! I wished to win a crown that I might make you a queen."

And such ravings as these, which would win a smile of contemptuous pity from a modern detective officer (a better judge of such gentlemen as Bannière than even M. Dumas), are supposed to be indicative of pathetic, ardent, sentimental love.

By-and-by, however, come the superiors of the Jesuits, backed by the civil power, to claim their runaway novice; and he is in danger of being taken back again to the convent, penance, and the confessional. Imagine the nature of his first confession, after his long sojourn with the actress! Olympe, however, is his guardian angel, and M. de Mailly, the recusant lover, the *deus ex machina*. To save Bannière, the latter, at the request of his mistress, claims him as a recruit for his regiment of dragoons; and in France the motto then was, *Place au roi*, even before the Jesuits. The infatuated youth is not long, however, before he deserts, and hastens up to Paris to seek his lost Olympe. He arrives at Paris, and conducts himself so very absurdly that people come to the natural conclusion that he is mad, and shut him up in For-l'Évêque. And now the plot thickens. Olympe and M. de Mailly become mixed up with such great people as the Maréchal de Richelieu, Louis XV., the Cardinal de Frejus, Pecquigny, the almost omnipotent favourite, and Bachelier, the quite omnipotent valet, of his Majesty. She becomes a question of state. Who is to be the mistress of his juvenile Majesty, Olympe or Madame de Mailly? for the chivalrous de Mailly has quite "broken" (as the French say) with his good lady. Pecquigny is for Olympe, and M. de Richelieu for the highborn dame. At it they go, as only folks at a French court are supposed to go; intrigue and counter-intrigue, plot and counterplot, mine and undermine; valet against duke, and minister of state against the fleshings of an opera dancer. Suppose we give one or two glimpses into the progress of the plot.

THE ROYAL GAME OF BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

When supper was over, the Duke de Richelieu, who had taken the command of the festivity in his character of a man of experience, proposed noisy games. They were tired of silence, so prepared for a game of blindman's-buff, a game favourable to surprises and follies. In the vast chamber occupied by the King, the blind man was placed in the centre of the laughing group. The lot fell upon M. le Comte de Toulouse. The King became animated. He was amused at the little screams of the ladies; little graceful screams proceeding rather from emotion than from fear. At length the Count de Toulouse seized and guessed the King. It was a curious spectacle. The ladies

interested in the game ran hither and thither, sheltering themselves behind the sofas and tables. Louis XV., with ear on the watch, arms outstretched, and careless of the traditional "warning!" was hard upon the scent, guided by the silky rustling of the dresses, and the soft sliding of satin trains. The King ran after Madame de Toulouse; the Countess de Mailly, seeing that the princess was on the point of being caught, tried to cross the saloon behind the King. She was betrayed, however, by the rustling of her dress brocaded with silver. The King precipitated himself towards her, had nothing to do but to open his arms, and the beautiful Countess fell into them, palpitating, as into a snare.

In good sooth, kings have seldom little else to do!

TÊTE-A-TÊTE BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"You have sent for me, Madame?" said de Mailly.

"Yes, Monsieur, but I shall not long trespass upon your time."

"Good!" thought de Mailly, she only wants money. And as that was the thing which cost him the least to bestow, the Count smiled graciously.

"Monsieur," said the Countess, "it is more than a month since we last met."

"Is it really, Madame?" replied de Mailly, with an air of astonishment. "I beg you a thousand pardons, but I have been so much occupied."

"But, Monsieur, I did not marry you to live alone, and I am weary of living alone."

"Madame, the service of the King—"

"It seems to me, Monsieur, that it was no part of our marriage contract that you should perform the service of the king."

"I married you, Madame," answered de Mailly, "to occupy and increase the position which I hold at court; if there be any gain we are partners, and you get half the profits."

Then comes an explanation about Mdlle. Olympe, whose existence Madame de Mailly has discovered. The tête-à-tête results in a document of separation. Richelieu carries it over Pecquigny, and it is matter of history that Madame de Mailly, with her two sisters, formerly the demoiselles de Nesle, shared the heart of Louis XV. for some years. Bannière escapes from For-l'Évêque and rejoins Olympe. Champmeslé once more appears upon the scene, a full-blown Jesuit, and joins them in matrimony. Their happiness, however, is but shortlived. Bannière is recognised and claimed as a deserter, and is shot in the presence of Olympe. Of course his ending is very sentimentally arranged, and nothing, romantically speaking, is left for Olympe but to die upon his body. *Finis coronat opus!*

Tame (with some few bright exceptions) as our own school of novels may be, we cannot in this respect say with Sterne, "they contrive these matters much better in France." Always saving and excepting the monstrosity which lately disgraced Mr. Bentley's press, *Blondelle*, we must carry the student far back into our literary museum, even to the days of Mrs. Aphra Behn, before we can 'light upon such pernicious trash as daily emanates from the Parisian press. Yet, strange as it may appear, public decency even there is sometimes outraged into an expression of disgust. This very author, in his last production, *Isaac Lakadem*, now appearing in the *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*, so familiarly and blasphemously treated the name of the Saviour that the censorship of the press was constrained to interfere, and many highly objectionable passages have consequently been suppressed. The nightly tribute of tears shed to the memory of *La Dame aux Camélias* has not proved sufficient, for now we have an *Homme aux Camélias*. By-and-by we may have an *Impératrice aux Camélias*. *Qui sait?*

Ah! if one half the talent and the ingenuity, the industry and the learning, which are yearly wasted in the production of these silly provocatives for jaded mental appetites, was expended upon sound and wholesome work, what a blessing to mankind would France become! At present, what a curse she is!

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Syracuse.

FEW, among recent travellers who have communicated their impressions to the world, have noticed in print, and fewer still have visited, this city, once so great, now so insignificant; and as, moreover, certain acquisitions have been made, and discoveries effected, of importance for the illustration of its ancient history, since Brydson wrote his entertaining tour, and even since the publication of Evans's *Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily* (a much more recent record of travel, combining extensive classical learning with grace of style)—it has appeared to me probable that

a few notices respecting Syracuse may not be unacceptable to your pages.

Shortly before reaching this city from Catania the road passes through a desolate tract, strewn all over with loose stones, and intersected by long lines of perpendicular but low cliffs, within whose sides are perceived a number of sepulchral excavations, of various form and depth, besides still more frequently occurring quadrate recesses cut into the stone, too shallow for receiving funeral urns, and now regarded as the receptacles designed for slabs of marble with inscriptions. One is surprised on finding oneself suddenly within full view of the small but strongly-fortified place, occupying an island between two and three miles in circuit, which now represents Syracuse; so little does anything evince the proximity of a city on these solitary shores. But this island (the ancient Ortygia), connected with the mainland by draw-bridges, has, from without, a striking and most singular aspect, its fortifications being of vast extent, piled up in masses that, together with the various towers and cupolas of churches within their circuit, form combinations highly picturesque. There seems no end of bastions, scarps and counterscarps, sentries and gateways, as we drive under these fortifications (which do not belong to an earlier period of history than that of Charles V.); finding ourselves at last amid narrow streets, picturesque only from their irregularity, where nothing seems to indicate more than a town of third-rate importance even for this country. The modern Syracuse has (like many others of those less frequented in Sicily and Italy) that aspect of desolate inanition which excites the inquiry, how any spring of social vitality, any lever to raise humanity above the level of materialised existence, can possibly be contained here. Yet indications of an aristocratic spirit may be perceived, on closer observation, even in this little place—well-dressed young men lounging at the *cafés*, and (though such were rarely seen) ladies driving in carriages, for which the streets scarcely afford room—besides the afore-named *cafés*, one of the establishments never missing in Sicilian cities, the *bottega di conversazione* (conversation-shop), where gentlemen spend their evenings in chit-chat or reading the official journals (the only such allowed) in brilliantly-lighted and richly-furnished rooms, opening upon the street; the terms of a subscription to these anti-domestic reunions sufficiently securing their aristocratic character. An opera also exists here, whose season opened, on the first night after my arrival, with Verdi's *Luca Miller* (I need scarcely add that no star of the lyric stage ever appears on these boards, the remuneration of such artists in this island, out of Palermo, miserably low).

I have also witnessed, during my stay, one amusing manifestation of a principle which at least supplies stimulant for feeling, if not motive for exertion, in the remotest of these southern regions—I mean the devotional. From the vigil of All-Saints' Day to the afternoon of the following these streets were crowded at all hours, the external attraction being in the strange displays of sugar-work piled on large tables before the shops, and at night gaily illuminated; not only fruits, flowers, and bread ingeniously imitated in the same saccharine material, but a *corps dramatique*, displayed on every table, collected from all nations and ranks (even saints and bishops), and what still more excited attention, various groups, really well designed and with proprieties of costume, representing facts in the history of Syracuse—the attack of the Romans, with a charge of cavalry; Archimedes destroying the fleet of Marcellus by the agency of a burning-glass; Cicero discovering the forgotten sepulchre of the great mathematician; the bishop, his deacons and monks, brought in chains before the Emir after the taking of this city by the Saracens, &c. For a place cut off from the great world like this, where, save in the exclusive reunion I have alluded to, not a newspaper is ever seen, not a link connects with the chain of European progress, the anniversaries of religion are, in fact, the only public events.

I need not enter into the details of antiquities which every work on Sicily has described; but shall confine myself to those instances where change has been effected or additions made to the matter supplied for archaeological study by Syracuse. Oh, the desecrated Fountain of Arethusa! changed in all, save the crystal clearness of its waters, since they were sung by Theocritus and Virgil. Till lately this fountain, round which Poetry and Fable had woven such a web of beautiful fantasies, was used as the public wash-pond of the city; but from that profanation it has been in part preserved by an inclosure of masonry, forming an ellipse of considerable diameter, and on one side divided by a bastion from the sea, within which a structure has been raised for a *jet-d'eau*. You descend to the level of the waters by a staircase, and at one end of the ellipse the spring is seen gushing through the rock from its subterranean birthplace, still retaining its most remarkable peculiarity, inasmuch as a body of water, broad and deep like a river, appears immediately produced when the spring first meets the light. The quality ascribed to it by Cicero, "*fons aque dulcis*," is lost; for, tasting its waters, I found them unpleasant and slightly saline,—this being occasioned by its present communication with the sea, through subterranean channels opened by an earthquake (as a Sicilian historian of the sixteenth century tells us) in the year 1167. The profanities of the

washing nymphs, as described by Brydone, polluting the waters of Arethusa with their soiled linen, are still carried on, but at a different spot, where, descending into a gloomy abyss, you find another section of this wide-spreading fountain, surrounded by antique masonry; and here the identical picture that traveller describes may be witnessed every evening. I was assured by my *cicerone*, and also by the guide-book printed here, that the so-called *Occhio di Zillica* (Eye of Zillica), which Brydone, Münster, and Evans describe, with perfect faith, as a spring of fresh water issuing from the sea at a short distance below the bastion above the Arethusa, and passing for the Alpheus (the amorous fountain which, losing itself near Olympia in the Peloponnesus, was supposed to flow under land and sea till uniting itself with Arethusa) had never any existence save in fancy. It is certain that no ancient poet or historian has taken notice of this submarine spring, or its sudden appearance in the port of Ortygia—a fact which would have availed to corroborate in popular belief the invention of Fable, backed by the unquestioning testimony of Pliny, that on the days when the Olympic Games were celebrated the Fountain of Arethusa became turbid, owing to the victims thrown into the Alpheus!

About the close of the last century the Chevalier Landolina, a learned man, said to have been the only citizen of Syracuse then thoroughly versed in its antiquities, and capable of explaining them to strangers, gave the initiative for the foundation of a museum, which was subsequently taken under the care of authorities, enlarged at their expense, and has received additions, few indeed, and at long intervals, but in some instances of value scarcely estimable. By far its greatest treasure is a statue of Venus, the head and right arm from above the elbow wanting, the left arm and foot broken, but restored with the original pieces; the height, supposing the head restored, upwards of six feet. Fragments of the right hand, still remaining attached to the bosom and left arm, show evidently that the position has been identical, as indeed the attitude of the whole figure, with that of the Venus de Medici; but drapery envelopes, or rather forms a background to the lower limbs, flowing in free graceful lines, and gathered in a knot under the left hand in front. This figure is indescribably beautiful, having all the softness, and far more idealised majesty, than the Medicean Venus, more modesty than the so-called Callipyge, and answering (even in its now mutilated state) to that worshipped idea of the Queen of Love, the "*Regina Cnidi Paphique*," in a manner that satisfies the imagination rather than any statue I have seen in the museums of Rome, Florence, or Naples. Such, at least, is my impression; and it appears strange that this truly divine work of art, which retains to this day the polish and smoothness of a statue recently from the chisel, should have been so little noticed by connoisseurs—never (to my knowledge) having been even engraved, or multiplied by casts.

The next most admirable piece of sculpture here is a colossal head of Jupiter, disinterred between seven and eight years ago, measuring three palms from the tip of the beard to the highest point of the curling hair—most interesting if we could apply to it the eulogy of Cicero, who, after stating that three most beautiful statues of Jupiter (*uno in genere pulcherrime facta*) existed in the world, mentions one of these as being in a temple at Syracuse till stolen thence by Verres. Certainly in this head has been conveyed with wonderful effect the character of the Homeric God—haughty, irascible, voluptuous, and superbly beautiful; the lips curled, as in habitual scorn, but, at the same time, with the expression of high sensibility; the eyes full, eager, and inspired; the hair and beard in massive locks that seem to exhalate ambrosial perfumes, reminding us of the nod that shook all Olympus; and it is remarkable that, from a distance, the effect is more striking than when near (the defect in the nose, which is partly broken, not being perceived at the remoter and full view)—an evidence of the power of the artist to adapt his work to the dimensions of the edifice where it was to stand. Among other small bronzes (heads and figures) is a bust of Medusa, about six inches high: the head winged, but without the serpents given generally as her attribute—another among the testimonies supplied from early art, that this adjunct to the Medusa is of more modern invention; the breast clad in scaly armour; the lineaments of this countenance have a refined and heroic beauty, overspread with an expression of profound melancholy, in the highest degree pathetic; and I thought this the most poetical conception of the subject I had ever seen, because conveying the character of sorrow as sorrow acts on a lofty intellect. Among the other contents of this museum (which occupies only one room, and is far from being judiciously arranged), I need only mention a collection of about forty Greco-Sicilian vases, some with red figures on black, others with black on a reddish yellow ground; many, from the beauty of design, deserving to be classed among the most precious of similar objects: two of the smaller of these have figures of fantastic animals combating together, and therefore are of that class of vases which Denis, in his valuable book on Etruscan Antiquities, pronounces to be the most antique, as produced under the influences of Egyptian mythology. There are

various other black and yellow vases here without figures, only remarkable for the grace of their forms, and terra cotta vessels for household purposes of every description; but the majority of the vases found in Sicily, and esteemed of the finest quality among these objects of antique manufacture, both for their forms and paintings, have been transferred to the Museum at Naples, or to a private collection in the same city, that may be considered one of the first belonging to any private individual in the world—that of the Prince Santangelo. Two headless statues, one male and the other female, of heroic size, and dressed in the Roman style, distinguished by dignity and fine execution. An alto-relievo of a draped figure leaning upon a naked youth, and another very small relievo of two nymphs flying, with light draperies agitated by the wind—these last two works, though much mutilated, evidently belonging to the best epoch of Grecian art. Several terra-cotta figures and heads of miniature proportions, some of exquisite beauty. Monumental inscriptions in Latin and Greek, one in Hebrew, and one in Arabic; of those in Greek, several are Christian, couched in language of affecting simplicity; and I observed on what appears the fragment of an architrave, part of a dedicatory inscription, in that language, to the martyr Anastasius. A temple built by Hiero to Ceres and her daughter, in Ortygia, is recorded on a tablet not easily legible; and for the explanation of other Greek inscriptions, of the Hebrew and the Arabic, no assistance is supplied by any work purchasable on the spot, still less by any hints from the custode. (There is not at present, I am told, a single individual in Syracuse who understands Greek.) The above described head of Jupiter was disinterred in a field close to the site of the temple, dedicated to that deity in the quarter of the city called Neapolis (now one extent of ruins), and on this spot alone it is that any excavations are at present carried on in Syracuse; for the Commission of Antiquities at Palermo has of late roused itself from its long apathy, sent emissaries to inquire into the state of those remains and localities from which further advantages may be derived from the illustration of the past, and appropriated certain sums for the carrying out of works in the several ancient cities of Sicily, or their environs. But when we learn the amount of these sums, our admiration for the proceedings of the commission must be very much modified; and the shameful indifference of the Neapolitan authorities for the treasures of antiquity within their reach seems really placed in a more glaring light, instead of being atoned for, by the appropriation, for the entire task of accomplishing the excavations of Syracuse (whose ancient limits are ascertained to have been of twenty-three miles circuit), of such a sum as 200 ducats! Of this temple the stylobate only remains, with vestiges of the walls of the cella, rising in some parts to the height of one or two feet, the whole platform being strewn with loose piles of stone, or overgrown with brambles. The length of the parallelogram is 700 palms, the breadth scarcely one-seventh of that proportion; the eastern extremity commanding a fine view of the harbour, with the Ionian sea beyond, and the island to which is now limited the whole city of Syracuse. The excavations lately commenced here have laid bare the greatest part of the steps supporting the stylobate, on the north side, and have brought to light three or four fragments of architraves with lions' heads sculptured at regular intervals; also some portions of fluted columns,—all in the same calcareous stone which forms the groundwork to the environs, and appears to have been almost exclusively the material of the ancient Syracuse. The degrees on which this temple is supported are triple, and so steep as scarcely to have been serviceable for entering within its precincts; but at one place I observed an indenture in their masonry, apparently for a lateral staircase more commodiously formed.

(To be continued.)

TURNER.—We have lately met with an anecdote which briefly enlightens us as to the modification of the arts be nationality:—A genuine Highlander was one day looking at a print from a picture by one of the old Masters, in which angels were represented blowing trumpets. He inquired if the angels played on trumpets, and being answered in the affirmative, made the following pithy remark:—"Hech, sirs! but they maun be pleased wi' music! I wonder they dinna borrow a pair of bagpipes."

THE GREAT MAN.—In a discourse lately delivered by Theodore Parker, in which a bold, irregular force is constantly working with chaos, we find this among other strongly-stated generalities:—"But now and then, God creates a great, mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into other ages. Such a man, if he is of the greatest, will by-and-by unite in himself the four great forces of society—business, politics, literature, and the church; himself a greater force than all of these, will sway them every one; but just as he is greater than other men in the highest mood of greatness, will he be opposed and hated, too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his lights sooner than before."—*New Curiosities of Literature.*

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.
I. NEW BOOKS.

The Journal of Psychological Medicine. Edited by FORBES WINSLOW, M.D. January, 1853. The branch of medical science to which this well-conducted journal is devoted is at present in its infancy. Within the memory of some of our readers the insane were regarded and treated as wild beasts; strait-waist-coats, straps, chains, stakes, handcuffs, and every conceivable device for the purpose of constraining the movements or confining the limbs of the insane, were in constant requisition; and to these were added, and sometimes disclosed, acts of violence and cruelty, which the law would now punish if a brute were the sufferer. The humane change which has recently taken place, and which is still going on, is as astonishing as it is gratifying. Instead of brute force, persuasion, reasoning, kindness, stratagem, and mild correction are found to be all that is necessary; and in cases of extreme violence means are found to protect the person more consonant with the dictates of humanity and common sense. Dr. Winslow's journal is not only sound in its philosophy, but humane in its tone. The present number is one of the best which have been published. The first article on the "Condition of the British Asylums" is full and comprehensive. The second will awaken the attention of our legislators; and the third is a bold exposure of the abuses at Bethlehem Hospital, to which we have more than once alluded. There is also other interesting matter.

Operative Ophthalmic Surgery. By H. HAYNES WALTON, F.R.C.S. Surgeon to the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, and Assistant-Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital. This is a sound and useful work, founded on the author's experience, and handsomely illustrated. It presents to the practitioner the most advanced principles of the ophthalmic surgery of the day, and contains internal evidence that its author has himself been no loiterer in the path of improvement. In no department has operative surgery made greater strides of late than in the diseases and injuries of the eye. The practitioner of a few years standing will be surprised by the perusal of this volume; and if he is ambitious to attain to a competent knowledge of this department, he cannot do better than study its contents. Mr. Walton deserves well of the profession; and we are of opinion that this is not the last increment he will add to the advance of modern surgery.

Observations and Reports on the Treatment of Intermittent Fever by Phosphate of Lime and Sulphur. By A. BLACKLOCK, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon, Madras Army; with Cases by J. ANDERSON, M.D. and JOHN DREYER, Esq. 8vo. Madras, 1852.—This work takes new ground, and it will be for the profession to determine whether it is good ground. If it be so, our knowledge of the theory of fever and its proper treatment has hitherto been deficient and erroneous. "The whole train of reasoning is founded on observations which have led to the belief that loss of phosphates from disintegration of nervous tissue, or their deficiency in the circulating fluid, is the cause of fever." The theory and the proposed treatment are both founded upon certain facts of organic chemistry, which are ingeniously linked together by a hypothetical chain. The reasoning, therefore, is not inductive, but it is bold and luminous, and there may be some important truth lurking at the foundation of it.

Remarks on the External Application of Iodine in Erysipelas; with Suggestions for its use in Puerperal Fever. By HUGH NORRIS, Surgeon.—This is a contribution to the therapeutical history of iodine as an external agent, worthy of study, because it may lead to some further disclosures of the *modus operandi* of this much-used but ill-understood agent. It is a reprint from *The Medical Times*.

A Treatise on Auscultation and Percussion. By DR. JOSEPH SKODA. Translated from the Fourth Edition by Dr. W. O. MARKHAM. London: Highley, 1853. Skoda's views of auscultation have long been known to differ in some material points from those of Laennec. A translation of his work will therefore be acceptable to English practitioners, and Dr. Markham has performed the task with fidelity to the author and credit to himself. A highly-accomplished auscultator can understand the din of the thoracic machinery much better than he can make others comprehend it; and it is well when an author is content to dwell upon the intelligible sounds, and refrains from all attempts to explain what cannot be described. In former days, when music was cultivated with a zeal and precision to which the present time affords no parallel, the human ear was said to be susceptible of such high cultivation that it could distinguish not only semi-tones but quarter-tones, and even the eighth of a tone. The moderns are

content to teach their pupils what they really can learn, viz. to distinguish clearly semi-tones from tones, and a true tone from a false one. Our auscultators might take a lesson from the common sense of the age. The true tones of health cannot be too accurately described or too familiarly learned. The deviations should be generalised and defined in broad characters before they are split up into too many divisions and subdivisions. Skoda is, we think, happy in this important attainment, and his views will be acceptable as well as instructive to English physicians.

The *Quarterly Return of the Registrar-General* is unusually full of interest, both medical and political. It appears that while the mortality in London has been considerably below the average, and in the country not much above it, the marriages and the births greatly exceed the average number of the season; that notwithstanding the increasing tide of emigration, which was expected materially to relieve the overgrown population of the country, "at present it is probable, taking all circumstances into account, that the emigration from England is not equal to the natural increase arising from the excess of births over deaths."

II. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

The three great metropolitan epidemics of the year 1852 were the *furunculoid*, the *small-pox*, and the *scarlatina*. The small-pox was terribly fatal, but has now subsided to far below its average fatality. The scarlatina has succeeded to it, and has been very extensively prevalent. The carbuncular epidemic is still hovering over the land, selecting its victims chiefly from the aged and the weak, and, in its milder forms (that of boils or whitloes), affecting a very large proportion of the population. From a paper in the *Association Medical Journal* of the 4th Feb., headed "Epidemiology, Hygienics, and Statistics," we gather that the deaths from *carbuncle* in the year 1852, in London, amounted to forty-eight in number, and that the previous average of twelve years was only $\frac{1}{2}$ per annum. It appears, likewise, upon referring to the weekly returns of the Registrar-General, that in the month of January 1853 there were registered no less than nine deaths from carbuncle, which is more than twice the annual average of this fatal year, and a hundred and four times the average of the deaths per week for the last twelve years. Now, when it is considered that the epidemic is not generally a fatal disease, this increased amount of mortality betokens a vast multiplication of cases in its less severe forms: indeed, there is scarcely a family which has escaped the afflictive visitation; and it appears to be on the increase at present, both in London and in the country, in Europe and in Asia, in Africa and in America. From no part of the world have sanatory accounts been received of late which do not speak of boils, whitloes, abscesses, and carbuncles. And whatever be the cause, the type of the disease is becoming more and more grave. In many instances the boils are complicated with blisters, which soon assume a dark and putrid appearance, simulating a disease very unfrequent in England, called pemphigus, which disease in its acute and uncomplicated form has been recently fatal in two instances. The small-pox, which has almost disappeared in London, is now raging in South Wales and in the West of England, especially at Bristol, where it has assumed a novel and most fatal and malignant type; the eruption is confluent, and the pustules pass rapidly into a state of gangrene. It is believed to have been imported from Ireland.

The *scarlatina* is now the prevailing disease in the metropolitan districts, and appears to have advanced as rapidly as the small-pox has declined. The deaths have, however, decreased during the last two or three weeks of cold weather, and affections of the respiratory organs have been more fatal.

An epidemic fever has recently broken out at Croydon, which has created so much alarm that Mr. Grainger has been sent to investigate the facts. It appears that the fever is of a low typhoid character, accompanied by much gastric disturbance; but the mortality, as compared with number of persons afflicted, is as yet far below the average. If the reports everywhere circulated and believed have any truth in them, this epidemic may be fully accounted for by the defective state of the drainage, the indiscreet devices adopted to remedy it, and the filthy state of the town generally.

The Small-Pox at Zanzibar.—The following extract from a letter dated Zanzibar, September 6, 1852, appears in the *Association Medical Journal*:—"Small-pox has made frightful ravages both at Zanzibar and in the neighbouring country. Senahilis, Hindoos, blacks—in short, the entire population, with the exception of the Europeans—paid their tribute to the terrible scourge, the germ of which was brought from Muscat by a vessel of the Imaum. In the Persian Gulf, and in that of Oman, where cholera had already raged, thousands of victims have succumbed. The disease has spread with frightful rapidity, not only

along the eastern coast of Africa, but also in the interior of that continent. The mortality was there so great, that caravans ceased to circulate, from want of a sufficient number of able-bodied persons to effect the carriage of goods from the interior to the sea shore. Along the coast, hands are likewise wanting for the conveyance from the sea to Zanzibar. Our market consequently suffers from it, and the small quantity of merchandise now in the stores has become the object of the most extravagant competition among the merchants of the place, who cannot, without the greatest difficulty, and at immense sacrifices, complete the cargoes of the vessels. The disease is now on the decline at Zanzibar, and hitherto no European resident or seaman has been attacked by it. It is true we only allow our seamen to communicate with the shore for the wants of the service, and, moreover, the blessings of vaccination preserve us from contagion. The natives of the country, seeing the happy effects of that preservative which they declined using when it was still time, now crowd to demand the favour of being vaccinated by one of our countrymen, who, though not a physician, is very skilful in performing the operation. In order to encourage them by example, we caused all our servants to be vaccinated, and I need not tell you that they all escaped the effects of the disease."

III. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

Mr. Haynes Walton has recently performed, at the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, a novel operation for the relief of a distressing condition of the conjunctiva after the right eye-ball and a part of the outer wall of the orbit had been destroyed by the bursting of a gun. The contraction caused by the cicatrix left by the wound had produced an *ectropium* of the outer portion of the lower eyelid, and had likewise dragged the upper eyelid downwards, so that its cilia rested on the lower fold of the conjunctiva, causing great irritation in that membrane, and a constant discharge of tears over the cheek. Mr. Walton removed with the scalpel the most everted portion of the lower eyelid, and dissected the skin of the cheek from its attachment, so as to admit of its being drawn up and transposed. The divided lid was then united by suture, and the whole raised and supported by strips of adhesive plaster. By this the *ectropium* was remedied, and the upper eyelid liberated from its thralldom. On the healing of the wound the artificial eye was introduced, which has now been worn for some weeks. By this the conjunctiva is protected, the tears pass through their natural channel, and the appearance of the patient is very much improved. Mr. Walton justly remarks that the very limited use of artificial eyes is certainly to be wondered at, and is most probably due to the lack of knowledge of the benefits they may confer, which are by no means confined to the improved personal appearance which they give to the patient.

There are few subjects in which the public are more interested than the detection of the *impurities and adulterations of drugs*. The extent to which drugs are adulterated by retail and wholesale druggists, and even by importers and manufacturers, is almost incredible. There is scarcely an article of any value which is not more or less cheapened by adulteration of some kind. In this country there is no sort of security for the purity of drugs sold in the shops, or for the fidelity and correctness of the prescription department. The Pharmaceutical Society have done much to improve the status of the fraternity of chemists and druggists, and many men of this class are known, not only as honourable and useful members of society, who are above the suspicion of a dishonest act, but as men of distinguished scientific attainments. Still the public have no means of knowing when they are faithfully served or not; and it is notorious in the trade that the Apothecaries' Company, or rather the proprietors of stock at Apothecaries' Hall, are the only body who profess to adhere rigidly to the directions of the London Pharmacopoeia in respect to all official preparations; the most respectable retailers, sometimes for good reasons, preferring some other mode of compounding. This, however, is of little real consequence compared with the substantial evils of fraudulent adulteration, and the systematic substitution of cheap articles in place of the dearer one, which they resemble in their sensible characters. It is therefore with no small satisfaction that we observe that both the *Lancet* and the *Medical Times and Gazette* have undertaken to examine and publish the exact degree of impurity which, on severe testing, is proved to belong to samples of drugs of various descriptions procured promiscuously from retail houses in every part of London. We believe the investigation will be carried out fearlessly and faithfully, without respect of persons. The effect will be, we doubt not, to horrify the public, and (we trust at no distant period) to drive the Legislature to the enactment of some provision to protect the public from so monstrous a fraud.

Apprenticeship Clause in the Apothecaries' Act of 1815.—The following letter has been addressed by

Mr. Upton, the legal adviser of the Society of Apothecaries, to a correspondent, in reply to the inquiry whether he could be admitted to an examination by the Court of Examiners without producing an indenture of apprenticeship. It is an important document, as expository of the practice of the court, and it reflects credit upon the liberality and discernment of that important body.

"Apothecaries' Hall, Jan. 22, 1853.

"Sir,—The inquiry contained in your letter is so fairly and properly made, that I depart from an established rule, and reply to an anonymous inquirer.

"The necessity for a five years' apprenticeship arises, not from any regulation of the Court of Examiners, but from the express requirement of the Act of Parliament. The Court of Examiners, therefore, have no power to dispense with the requirement. At the same time, the court have always been anxious to carry out the spirit of the enactment, and not to put a narrow or exclusive construction upon it; and they are therefore prepared to admit any candidate to examination who can adduce satisfactory evidence of his having served, after the manner of an apprentice, with a qualified apothecary. What evidence would be deemed by the court satisfactory in any given instance must depend upon the circumstances of the particular case; but if the court are satisfied that the student has conducted his medical studies under the direction and control of a legally qualified apothecary, in such a manner that the relation of master and apprentice has substantially existed between the parties, the court will admit the candidate for examination, notwithstanding the absence of an indenture of apprenticeship.

"The society would be exceedingly glad that the requirement of an apprenticeship in all cases should be no longer demanded; and they have omitted no fitting opportunity of representing to the Government the desirableness of a change in this respect; but while the law remains in its present state, the society are of course bound to conform to it.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT B. UPTON,

"Clerk to the Society."

Insanity among the Working Classes.—An official report just published by the parochial authorities of Marylebone states that insanity has lately increased to such an extent among the working classes that none but those whose duties bring them in contact with the sufferers can form an idea of its fearful spread. There are now no less than 494 chargeable to the parish. In St. Pancras insanity also prevails to an unusual amount, especially among the humbler classes. It is to be hoped that this painful fact will be made the subject of official and medical inquiry, with a view to tracing its origin, and to retard, if possible, its progress. Insanity is, beyond question, sometimes contagious. May it not likewise be epidemic?

Enlargement of Bethlehem Hospital.—Two new wings, the one on the south side, the other on the north, both facing Brook-street, and capable of accommodating 500 additional patients, have just been added to the original building. This increase of accommodation is attributable to the exposure of the defective discipline of the hospital which has lately taken place.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SUMMARY OF SCIENCE.

PHYSICS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MAGNETIC FORCE.—The Friday evening meetings at the Royal Institution have been opened by a lecture from Professor Faraday on the above subject, commencing with some remarks on the points of relation, as well as those of difference, existing between gravitation and magnetism. Both these forces can act at a distance, and doubtless at any distance; but whilst gravitation may be regarded as simple and *unipolar*, i.e. always acting in one direction, magnetism is dual and *polar*, i.e. able to act in opposite directions. Hence a single gravitating particle or system cannot be conceived as acting on itself in obedience to the force we term gravitation; whereas one magnetic particle or system may have such a self-relation, because of this dual or polar nature of its forces. Again: either polarity of the magnetic force can act either by repulsion or attraction; and not merely so, but the joint or dual action of a magnet can act also either by attraction or repulsion, as in the case of paramagnetic and diamagnetic bodies: whilst the action of gravitation is always that of attraction.

For the more careful study of the magnetic power a torsion balance had been constructed, which was exhibited and described. The objects submitted to the magnetic power were either cylinders or bulbs of glass, capable of being filled with any fluid or gas, and of then being repeatedly acted upon by the magnetic force, which was derived from the great magnet constructed by M. Logeman for the Exhibition in Hyde-park, and which, weighing above 100 lbs., is capable of supporting 430 lbs., a source of power not only constant, but possessing the great advantage of enabling the observer to extend the time of his observations at his pleasure.

When a body is submitted to the action of a magnet, the medium, e. g. water, surrounding the

body affects it as well as the magnet; and even if the body be *in vacuo*, the vacuum and the body are still in like relation to each other. Each change in the medium changes the magnetic action on the object, which may be repelled in one case by the magnet and attracted in the other. Thus, comparative experiments on the forces of air, glass, and water, with the above apparatus, proved that their relative forces with respect to each other were represented by the numbers 15, 0, and 54½ respectively. In this case glass (a cylinder) was the standard of comparison, and when other liquids than water, as oil, ether, &c., were employed as the media surrounding this glass cylinder, the degrees of torsion indicated by the balance respectively by each showed its place in the magnetic series; or in other words, this mode of measurement is the principle of the hydrometer of Archimedes in respect to the force of gravitation, applied to the magnetic force.

In order to bring all the results of a lengthened series of experiments into one common relation, Dr. Faraday has adopted a centigrade scale; and although either water, air, or glass might be assumed as the zero or starting-point of the scale, the substances experimented on being placed above or below this arbitrary zero, he has found it more convenient to adopt a vacuum as his zero in the tabulated results of his experiments. This table affords us some striking results; thus a vacuum, as I have said, being taken as the zero or 0°, various gases, such as olefiant gas, nitrogen, hydrogen, ammonia, and cyanogen, do not indicate 1° on the scale, whilst atmospheric air stands at 3.4° and oxygen gas at no less than 17.5°, its compound with carbon, viz. carbonic acid, being at zero. Other bodies rich in carbon, such as oil of lemons, camphor, oils and wax, range from 80° to 86.73° in this scale; while the two metals experimented on, zinc and bismuth, exhibit the widest differences, the former standing at 74.6°, the latter at 1967.6°. From a careful review of these results, Dr. Faraday inclines to the belief that some of the gases, as hydrogen and nitrogen, which so closely approximate to a vacuum, as regards their magnetic force, may ultimately prove identical with it in this respect, like carbonic acid gas.

From these considerations of the relative magnetic powers of various bodies, the lecturer passed to the investigation of certain points in the philosophy of magnetism, and especially that of the right application of the law of the inverse square of the distance, as the universal law of magnetic action. Ordinary magnetic action may be conveniently divided into two kinds, that between permanent magnets, and that between a permanent magnet and a body receiving and retaining its magnetic state from the influence of the true magnet upon it. Of the first or permanent magnetic action, Dr. Faraday observes, that it appears in the most rigid cases to be subject to the law in question; but with the latter, or induced magnetic action, he regards this assumption as yet premature, and thus raises a question of the greatest scientific importance. We as yet know not to what agency such bodies as copper, oxygen, water, &c. owe their respective paramagnetic and diamagnetic relations; so that it is unwise to assume an unproved law of action, and to reject the experiments bearing on this point; especially since Plücker has distinctly stated, as an ascertained fact, that diamagnetic force increases more rapidly than magnetic force when the power of the dominant magnet is increased,—a statement which, if it be fact, is subversive of the above law.

Experiments on flint-glass, heavy-glass, and bismuth, submitted to the action of the Logeman magnet in air and water, were then noticed, the result of which is, that the relations of each of these substances with respect to air and water remain the same for the same, but not for different, distances. So far as these experiments go, the great points proved by them seem to be, that the three bodies concerned, viz., air, water, and the body subjected to experiments, alter in their degree of magnetic relations to each other and at different given distances from the magnet the ratio of their magnetic power does not, according to experiment, remain the same: results which, if confirmed, cannot be included by a law of action which is inversely as the square of the distance. This division of the lecture was closed with some observations on the probable causes of this apparent variation of the magnetic ratios of different substances one to another, and remarks on the opposing nature of these general results to the conclusion above cited adopted by Plücker,—as proving to us that if each conclusion be accordance with facts, there is yet very much to learn respecting the true physical nature of this force; and that instead of shutting our eyes to the first feeble glimpses of the truths involved in these observations, because they are inconsistent with our assumed laws, we must rather seize on them, in the hope that they will give us the true key to nature: remarks replete with the simplicity, modesty, and veneration of truth, characteristic of the true student of science.

The second part of the lecture treated of the possible magnetic relations existing between the sun and the earth, a subject which I noticed in THE CRITIC for February 1st ult. under "The Periodicity of Sun-spots;" and after alluding to the labours of Schwabe, Lamont, Sabine, Guatier, and Wolf, on these remarkable coincident relations, Dr. Faraday closed his discourse with an expression of his belief that these evident

coincidences of the variation of the solar-spots with variations of terrestrial magnetism, pointed to a relation of these phenomena to some common cause, and that an earnest inquiry into the true and intimate nature of magnetism might lead us to a more perfect knowledge, not only of this remarkable force of the earth, but even of the like powers of the sun itself. Important, indeed, will these observations prove, should they hereafter become another link connecting the earth and the sun, and be the first step in the proof that not only is the sun the source of nearly all the light and heat on which the organised creation of the earth is dependent, and the common centre of the gravitating force of this system, but that distinct magnetic relations exist between these two vast masses, and even open a path to the solution of the problem of the real nature of our great luminary.

GEOGRAPHY.

THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.—Captain H. Mangles Denham has communicated to the Royal Society an account of a deep-sea sounding taken during a voyage of H.M.S. *Herold*, from Rio de Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope, in 36° 49' S. lat.; and 37° 2' W. long.; a spot in the South Atlantic Ocean, almost in a line with the estuary of the La Plata. The sounding line, of one-tenth of an inch in diameter, was presented to Captain Denham by an officer of the U. S. navy. The bottom was not reached until 7706 fathoms of the line had been run out, or about 8½ statute miles, which occupied nearly 9½ hours in letting out the line. Great care was used in drawing up the plummet in order to ascertain, if possible, the nature of the bottom; but in this Captain Denham was disappointed by the line breaking below the water. This depth below the sea-level is far greater than the greatest height of the chief mountain peaks of the earth: Dhawalagiri, the loftiest peak of the Himalaya, and by far the highest mountain in the world, being 28,077 feet above the sea, whilst this sounding is 46,236 feet below it. We may fairly conclude that we now know the highest point on the earth's surface, but we are yet ignorant of the ocean's depths. This observation of Denham's shows us a deep nearly double the highest point of earth, but we cannot thence conclude that this is the profoundest abyss.

METEOROLOGY.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—It has been held by some competent observers that the light of the aurora is reflected from minute crystalline particles of ice floating in the air: an opinion now rendered very improbable, from the negative results of several observations of Mr. W. J. M. Rankine on the nature of this light; in no one of which did he detect with a Nicol's prism the faintest trace of polarisation. The light of the aurora when reflected from a water-surface was distinctly polarised, whilst its direct light showed no evidence of polarisation,—facts which go far to upset any hypothesis which regards the aurora light as being reflected light.

LOCAL PHENOMENA.

POISONOUS FISH.—Much curious and useful information is often lost to the world by the want of knowledge of what to observe in men who have the opportunity of correctly ascertaining the facts and conditions of many, as yet, unexplained phenomena which fall under their notice. The alleged and generally-received facts of the poisonous nature of various fishes in given localities at certain seasons, whilst they are perfectly innocuous and suitable for food when caught in other places, is one of those mysterious things which can only be explained or disproved by one who possesses both the opportunity and the ability to observe correctly. On this subject Mr. Schomburgk remarks, in some observations on *Anegada*, one of the Virgin Islands, that whilst it is well known that the yellow-billed sprat, the bottle-nosed cavalla, rock-fish, and at times the king-fish, are sometimes poisonous and cause immediate death, yet that the sea surrounding *Anegada* abounds in perfectly wholesome fish of these kinds; and that whilst frequent cases of poisoning by fish occur in the neighbouring islands, not a single instance has ever been known in *Anegada*, where the, in other places, poisonous kinds are eaten with impunity.

Mr. W. Hamilton confirms this account of the poisonous nature of some of these fishes when taken off various of the West-India Islands; stating that the yellow-billed sprat at St. Kitts and Nevis, for eleven months in the year, is a most deadly poison; whilst in the twelfth, he thinks, in April, it is perfectly wholesome. So fatal is it that a negro girl has been known to expire whilst eating it! This quality must render it a questionable luxury, even in the wholesome season. Again, all the fish taken on the north-west of St. Kitts, and between it and St. Eustatia, is said to be poisonous, although fish of the very same kind found on the other coasts of the island is harmless. Mr. W. Hamilton properly directs attention to the noxious effects of fish in a certain stage of decomposition, but fairly remarks that the facts respecting the periodicity of the poisonous nature of some fishes are left untouched by this.

Again, what is the truth respecting the alleged poisonous properties acquired by fish, &c. when exposed to the moon's rays in tropical seas, yet which will remain perfectly wholesome if sheltered from these

rays. Facts, not notions, on these points, would be very welcome to the scientific world, if the residents in those islands, or frequenters of those seas, would direct their attention to them, and communicate the results of their investigations.

APPLIED CHEMISTRY.

CHINESE PORCELAIN COLOURS.—The encouragement given by the various governments of France to the pursuit and development of the Ceramic art, especially as applied to its most perfect production, the porcelain of Sevres, has not been vainly bestowed; whether we regard its effects in the extended labours of the French chemists, as evidenced in their persevering and minute study of all the conditions requisite to produce a faultless fabric, or as shown in all their beauty of fruition, in the exquisite specimens of the most modern triumphs of the art of the potter exhibited at Hyde-park, as well as those more ancient and beautiful vases, &c. now to be seen at Marlborough-house. Ever watchful to extend their knowledge on all points connected with the manufacture of porcelain, two chemists, MM. Ebelmen and Salvétat, have devoted themselves to the study of the properties and composition of the materials used by the Celestials in making porcelain, as well as of the substances employed in its decoration. Now, in the china-works of Europe, substances known as *muffle colours*, which are pigments fusing at a far lower temperature than china requires for baking, are largely employed; but this is not the case with the Chinese, who have but few of them, using for the most part true enamels, which are glasses coloured by various metallic oxides, varying but little in composition excepting as to their tinging oxide and always weakly coloured but lively in tint. The colouring oxides they employ are those of cobalt, to produce blue; copper, for green and blue; gold, for rose; antimony, for yellow; arsenic and tin, for white; and these enamels they mix with one another or use alone to produce most of their primitive and compound tints. In addition to the above an impure oxide of cobalt is employed for blues under the glaze, and which, when mixed with white lead and burnt on the glazing, yields a black. For reds of various shades oxide of iron is mixed with a flux or white lead, and the gilding is effected by gold mixed with about a tenth of white lead and laid on the glaze. These are all the colouring matters at the command of the Chinese painter on porcelain, and are precisely the same tinging oxides employed by Europeans for the purpose. Although the extension of our chemical knowledge has placed at our disposal colouring oxides producing tints of the purest and richest shades, quite unknown to these ancient cultivators of the ceramic art, thus giving us many advantages in decorating our porcelain which they do not possess, yet we have no reason to pride ourselves on any superiority in liveliness and purity of our colours over those of the Chinese, on comparing them with their primitive and unmixed colours on specimens of fine porcelain. Indeed, the Chinese still surpasses the European in the beauty and delicacy of the colours technically termed *strong fire colours*, whilst the European possesses the superiority in *muffle colours*, or those which fuse at a comparatively low temperature, which enables him to produce the exquisite paintings in which the Sevres works are pre-eminent; to imitate which the Chinese artists must strive in vain, so long as the restrictive habits and customs of their nation prevail; for, admirable copyists as they are, where mere imitation is required, it is not probable that a Chinese porcelain painter could copy the works of his European fellow-artists excepting in outline, even if he possessed the multiplicity of colours produced in Europe by mixture. Thus, we vary the blue of pure oxide of cobalt by adding zinc, alumina and other oxides; mixing oxide of iron with other metallic oxides affords us ten reds, and so on; besides which, of many of our colouring materials, as titanium, chromium, cadmium, &c. the Chinese are quite ignorant.

From this laborious examination of the Chinese porcelain colours, we find that muffle colours, so much used by the Europeans, are almost unknown to the Chinese, who employ what are really *enamels*, i. e. glasses coloured by means of various metallic oxides, which vary but slightly in composition, excepting as to the colorant, the tint of which being always slight, imparts that lightness of tone and liveliness of colour, which give so much richness and harmony to the porcelain of China.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

[We have received, at various times, communications which would indeed be highly encouraging to us, if we had confidence in the belief that they represent a generally-awakened regard among the public for Architecture as an Art, which has a right to participate, not only in the attention, but in the sympathies and feelings of intelligence; nor have we been addressed by any one whose remarks bear more truly and strongly on the matter we have so much at heart, than those with which we have been favoured by a writer who signs himself "Crito." He begins by

alluding to the almost exclusive attention of the profession to the profession itself, as if a simple care for the selection of good seed and genuine saplings were all that is necessary to the harvest of the field or the fullness of the forest. Trite is the truism we are still called upon to reiterate, that such primitive essentials are useless in their essentiality unless they are sown and planted in a soil of pervading geniality. The shifting and un-nourishing sand of caprice is of no more value as a means of culture, than the rock of insensibility; nor will all the gatherings of historical dates and styles, of pedantic analysis and "faith in precedent," be of any fruitful avail, until the popular mind is tilted into a condition of willing and educated reciprocity. To this end "Crito" calls for "the diffusion of sound, honest, and searching criticism on executed buildings," asking, "where, except in our own columns, is there anything like it?" We only wish our own attempts were more "like it." Only to the "honesty" of our intentions can we make positive declaration. The circumstances of our position warrant this; but we are not the less alive to our fallibility, and are as covetous of correction as of influence. We fear it is too true, as our correspondent says, that "while the professional journals eschew searching criticism as dangerous, the profession itself appear to be far more disposed to deprecate than to countenance and encourage it." But it is not the truth of this that we lament. There are good reasons why the architectural journals cannot be searchingly critical. They do enough in supplying facts or comment and illustrations for eulogy or animadversion; while the architect is too fully engaged in the practical labours of his calling to do more than lecture us in brick and stone. Mr. George Godwin's recently published little book, *History in Ruins*, is a pleasing exception to the exclusive self-possession of architects in general; and, as a first step towards the education of the public, it is of much value. Though professing to be historical and descriptive, it involves some important "elements of criticism," while Mr. Gwilt's pamphlet, (published in 1837,) bearing that express title, though too much filled with petulance and personality, was a vigorous move in the right direction. Our own personal nearness precludes more than a mere reference to the attempt made in "the Palace of Architecture" to popularise the subject by fanciful and sentimental treatment,—to induce even the novel-reader to peruse it,—and to address him, or her (for, like Mr. Godwin's, Mr. Wightwick's book is dedicated to a woman) by the graver, wherever the pen might be dispensed with. We do not then complain of the want of popular instruction in the pages of professional journals, nor do we lament the truth of the inaptitude of professional men generally to afford such instruction; but we do lament, that the popular critical reviews and journals should not, each of them, include in their staff of writers, one who has the independence, knowledge, and ability, necessary to sound and fearless architectural criticism,—especially as applied to the buildings of the day. "Strangely and unfortunately constituted," as Crito says, "is the art which only finds competent judges in those that practice it. Study, of course, is required; yet what is to prevent others from acquiring all that relates to the æsthetics and artistic department of architecture, just as well as architects themselves?" Unquestionably, the qualities which constitute architecture a Fine Art ought to be made appreciable by that common popular intelligence which operates in the estimate of a book, a picture, or a piece of sculpture; nor can we answer Crito's question "Wherefore should not architects be as amenable to criticism as any other class of artists?" Most assuredly, as he says, "not because their doings do not at all concern the public, nor because their works have no influence either for good or ill upon the public taste. A worthless book soon becomes waste paper; a paltry picture is consigned to the lumber-room; but a building, be it ever so paltry and trumpery, remains, so long as its materials hold together, a public scandal and offence, and a nuisance to good taste."

To conclude. The most lamentable result of popular ignorance in respect to architecture is this,—That not only is the incompetent professional ("who cannot teach, and will not learn") left on a par with the man of learning, genius, and taste; but the non-professional—the mere builder—the ambitious house-carpenter—is chartered by his own confident conceit and daring will, successfully to traffic with permitted imposition, to the insulting exclusion of the accomplished artist, and the melancholy perpetuation of vicious example.]

The *New Grammar-School, Lancaster*, substituted for an old one, of ancient foundation, is a creditable specimen of the Tudor Gothic as it existed before the Elizabethan adulterations. It is built from designs by Mr. E. J. Paley of Lancaster, and a representation of it appears in the *Illustrated London News* for Jan. 8, 1853. The school-building is well distinguished from the master's house; and the clock and bell-tower, dividing them at the angle, exhibits a happy compromise between the ecclesiastical and the church-educational. A statue of her beloved Majesty Victoria occupies a canopied niche over the school-house doorway, and the gables over the dormitory windows add a pleasing picturesqueness to the main front. It is altogether an artistic production; not less critically good than collegiately orthodox.

In the *Companion to the Almanack for 1853*, we have a wood-cut of the *St. Columba College*, now erecting in Holly Park near Dublin, with its imposing tower, chapel, refectory, cloistered quadrangle, warden's residence, school, dormitories, and all the usual signs and symbols of churchism and patristic bibliography. The architect's name is not given; nor does it appear whether the structure is Anglo or Roman Catholic; but as the distinction between the two faiths seems to be every day becoming less and less, it matters little, architecturally speaking, whether *St. Columba* be among the *élite* of the Vatican or Lambeth. The college, at all events, is equally after the fashion of Pusey and Pugin; and the scholars it sends forth will very likely have imbibed such feelings for "Christian" architecture, that we shall be only left to wonder at their having acquired any knowledge of *pagan* literature. "How is it possible," said the late Mr. Pugin, when speaking of such buildings as the London University, "that the race of men who proceed from these factories of learning will possess the same feelings as those who anciently went forth from the Catholic structures of Oxford and Winchester?" If this remark does not carry its own condemnation with it, nothing that we can say will expose the bigoted animus which prompted it. "It is impossible to conceive a more uncollegiate looking building than the London University, with its useless dome and portico." Very well, Mr. Pugin; but where is the use of the great church-tower attached to the chapel of *St. Columba*? Or why are not the portico and dome of the London University equally defensible as features of distinctive importance? The Greek and Latin classics are assuredly more illustrated by a Greco-Roman piece of architecture than by a style which signifies the black letter of the middle ages. But, what nonsense is this idea of the unchristianising effect of Greek and Roman design! St. Peter's has done more for the Pope than all the Gothic cathedrals ever erected. The great city metropolis of all *Christendom* (according to Mr. Pugin's creed) has not a piece of "Christian" architecture in it! Its very churches are, for the most part, things of "pagan" expression, with "useless domes and porticoes;" but they have, nevertheless, proved to be "factories,"—of what?—not of "learning," (as Mr. Pugin thoughtlessly admitted the London University to be,) but of his own very peculiar "catholicity," which as strenuously abjures general intelligence, as it inculcates "the faith of those good souls" who were stimulated by the desire for that "catholic unity" which is so little regarded in the "degraded and half-infidel condition" of England. Yes; England, which, out of its twenty-eight cathedrals, has only one which expresses itself in classic detail, is "half-infidel;" while Italy, which does not contain, strictly speaking, a single Gothic church, has ever continued to be the soil pre-eminently fruitful in all that Mr. Pugin held to be productive of "blessings." Mr. Pugin was a good, a sincere, and a most zealous man; but, even as a Gothic architect, he was inferior to several who are not of his faith; and, as a reasoner, he was weak and prejudiced to the last degree. What cleverness he had in his arguments was utterly stultified by his want of catholic—really "catholic"—judgment.

Mr. Pugin's conversion to a belief in the superiority of the English Gothic to that of the continent was creditable to his perception; and we may refer to two specimens in illustration of the subject. In *The Builder* for May 1852 is a view of a *Church at Harfleur in Normandy*; and in the same publication for December 1852 is another of a *Church at Caudebec on the Seine*. The details, in both, are rich in the extreme, and much of them very beautiful; and the lover of the mere picturesque might scarcely wish them other than they are. But (so far as the engravings exhibit) what a want of symmetry,—of grace of outline,—of a governing simplicity to develop the intricacies involved! The lantern or spire of the Caudebec example is especially confounded in its confusion, and most elaborately inelegant; and indeed it may be said of both, that there seems to have been an exclusive devotion on the part of the stone-cutter, without any general idea on the part of the architect. The windows in the body of Caudebec appear to be unexceptionable as specimens of the flamboyant; but the meagre character of the vertical buttresses—the perplexing ramifications of the flying ones—the lowness of the spires—and the vile coronal rings which are dropped over that of Caudebec, are offences which taste cannot justify.

Another curiosity has been added to the *Architectural Museum* of England, viz. the *Church of All Saints, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square*, and we hope it will retain undisturbed the distinction of ever remaining "alone in its glory." We know the architect, Mr. Butterfield, to be capable of really good things, and we give him the credit due to a most self-sacrificing regard for the wishes of his patrons, in producing the queer thing now under our notice,—a nondescript pile,—partly Gothic, partly Lombard, partly Saracenic, partly German, wholly *outré*. In the church we have architectural construction; in its annexed "clergy-house" geological stratification. The one has its substantial features; the other its mere surfaces of inlay,—such a house as a brickmaker might construct to show off his varied stock in trade. The latter looks as if it had been a mere brick-boxing, or hollow stack of horizontal layers, in which holes had been subse-

quently cut to admit windows. The porch resembles a Chinese puzzle, or such a thing as children might build up out of a box of toy bricks of varied shape and colour. Had it been dedicated to St. Paul, we should have received it as typifying the "five times forty stripes save one," which the Apostle had to endure. As it is, we find our own powers of endurance most severely tested. Assuredly, this is "going the extreme animal" with a vengeance! The stripes of the tiger, zebra, and hyæna, are directed with some regard to nature's suggestive variety, and are respectful to the "abhorrence" which she has to "straight lines;" while in the cathedral of Florence, we have stripes of black, white, and red, arranged in panels and forms, betokening some obedience to the vertical principle of Gothic expression, and to the required evidence of design: but in Mr. Butterfield's "clergy-house" we see nothing but parallel-ruler practice ultimately cut up a little with a few perpendicular sweeps of the Indian-rubber. These bandings of black may be critically admissible when they may signify bonding courses; but courses of bond-stone are not put in like bonds of wood "to be cut out when the work has settled." Nothing can be worse, in such a case, than the permanently perceptive expression of temporary expedient, and especially where the apertures, cutting through the horizontal layers, are not flanked by solid jamb-work, to stop those layers before they reach the openings. Doubtless, the details of the church are well designed by Mr. Butterfield, and as well carved by Mr. Myers; but the domestic portion of the design is as sheer a piece of affectation and architectural masquerading as can be found in the "Vanity Fair" of ecclesiastical design.

The *Trinity School at Reading*, by Mr. John Billing, is a very pleasing specimen of early pointed, or of the transitional period between that of the simple lancet windows and that when foliations and cusps began to be employed. It is illustrated in *The Builder*, vol. x. p. 409.

As a specimen of the semi-Gothic and quaintly-picturesque, we may refer to *The Builder*, vol. xi. p. 37, which contains a view of the *Southern-down Hotel, Glamorganshire*, by Mr. Seddon. It is however amusing to see, in the wood-cut, how the architect, in adding the stable building behind, has suddenly dropped from the high Gothic gable of the house, to the veritable modern Italian roof, with its low pitch and cantilevers.

It is surprising that the rage for mediæval continental architecture has not yet alighted on the effectively ornate front of the *Palazzo Agostino, at Pisa*, so excellently delineated in three plates of *The Builder*, vol. x. pp. 120, 613, 643. The engraving on p. 613 gives a general view of the façade; and assuredly, as a piece of street architecture, it has not less general than particular merit. The horizontal divisions of basement, first and second storeys, (as shown in the geometrical elevation, p. 120) are pleasingly varied; each compartment is for the most part beautifully designed, and decorated with elaborate elegance. Character, breadth, and solidity are given by the projecting piers which reach from bottom to top; and we feel more than common regret that the proper decoration for the top story should be wanting. Doubtless the original design for this, with its crowning cornice, was worthy of the rest; and we would suggest, as well deserving attention, the supply of the deficient parts by some one well-instructed in the style, and competent in taste to afford them. In the event, however, of such an example appearing in our London streets, let the solid piers of the basement remain in bold development, with no more shop-front glass than may legitimately come between them. Let the faults of the front, moreover, be corrected; for unquestionably it is a grievous error to make arches rise between piers, instead of abutting upon them. Whether more relieving arches, or open ones, they should seem to spring from a vertical solid, receiving at least a portion of their springing stones, and there is no reason why this should not have been done in the example under notice. A piece of recessed pier, not more than one-fifth the width of the main projecting one, would have sufficed, and in that case additional effect would have been given to the perspective of the front, by recessing the double and triple pointed windows some inches within the circumscribing arches above them. A long range of such a building, terminating at each end with a bold projecting compartment of distinguished breadth, would present a scenic appearance scarcely to be surpassed by anything of the same scale in the metropolis.

We conclude this month's report, by noticing two works recently issued from the press.

Comparative Estimate of Mural Decoration, &c. by THOMAS PURDIE. Edinburgh.—This is an essay, detached from the "Transactions of the Architectural Institute of Scotland." We will not enter on certain points of minor importance, which Mr. Garbet is inclined to dispute with Mr. Purdie (see *Builder*), because we think at the present time the recognition of leading principles and of movements in the right direction is to be gladly made whenever they show themselves; and Mr. Purdie's admirable essay contains sufficient indisputable matter to induce our recommendation of it to the general and the professional reader. That the architect should anticipate the decorator, the painter, and the upholsterer by suggestive provision; and that their operations should

be respective towards his suggestive preparations, and co-operative in the production of that pervading beauty which can only result from each feature being true to itself as well as obedient to the sovereign law of harmonious combination,—is a fact which Mr. Purdie has reasoned upon and illustrated with philosophical clearness and convincing example.

Dwellings for the Working Classes, &c. by ROBERT SCOTT BURN, M.E., M.S.A.—Here is a three-shilling publication with twenty-four pages of matter, so condensed in small type, double columns, that if it were disposed after the ordinary fashion of book-making, it would be a volume instead of a pamphlet. It contains, moreover, seventy-two woodcuts of practical details, besides six quarto pages filled to their margins with lithographic outlines, elevations, plans, and sections; and includes in the letter-press a fully detailed specification, with a variety of information and suggestion of much value to the practising architect. The *morale* of the subject is eloquently and convincingly given; and the courtesy of the editor of *The Builder*, in allowing this portion of the work to be reprinted from that "well-known and able journal," is pointedly acknowledged. It is not the writer's intention "to usurp the place of the professional architect;" nor will it at all detract from the substantial value of Mr. Burn's essay to say that its *practical* portion is more suited as a brief for the architect than as a perfect magazine of instruction to the philanthropist. Even in a mere art-sense, the cottage of the poor man should express the simplest adaptation of means to comfort and climate. Intersecting roofs, and gables stopping roofs, instead of being covered by projecting eaves, require the *plumber* to a greater amount than is consistent with economy. Mullions and transoms catch and hold the wet; casements cannot, without much expense, be made as weather-tight as lifting-sashes.

ART AND ARTISTS.

WHAT IS PHOTOGRAPHY?

PHOTOGRAPHS, or "light pictures," are formed by the action of light upon a chemically-prepared surface. Every one knows how light fades or changes the colour of almost everything submitted to its influence. Darkness or the want of light entirely bleaches many substances. Many vegetable juices change colour on exposure to light, and it causes a solution of nitrate of silver and some other chemicals to assume a dark or black colour. Leaves and lace were first copied on prepared paper by merely laying them upon it, and thus preventing the light from acting upon the part covered by their leaves, &c. The picture formed by a lens in a camera obscura was next made permanent by the action of light on a prepared surface. The various colours and shadows of the picture act in different degrees, so as to produce from the coloured image in the camera a delicately shaded picture on the prepared surface. Various processes are required to render the pictures thus produced permanent, or to secure them from the further action of the light when the picture is once formed. Were this not done, the continued action of the light would obliterate the picture and reduce it to a uniform black.

Photographic pictures are now taken on three different materials—silver, paper, and glass. The pictures on silver plates are what are called daguerreotypes. They are much used for portraits; but their expense, the labour of cleaning large plates, the inconvenience and danger of their preparation from the mercury which must be used, and the metallic glare of the pictures, render them ill adapted for landscapes, which are now scarcely ever taken in this style. For some years, too, there has been no improvement in daguerreotypes. We have portraits taken five years ago, which have never been surpassed.

In the late exhibition at the Society of Arts, there were no daguerreotypes. The whole of the pictures were on paper or glass. The pictures on paper were by far the most numerous. They are all the result of a double process. The picture first taken is called a negative. The lights and shades are in it all reversed, because the light darkens the prepared paper just in proportion to its intensity, so that the white parts of a landscape or building are dark in the picture, and the dark parts light. This picture being laid upon another sheet of prepared paper and pressed closely to it by a sheet of glass, the light parts allow the light to pass through and darken the paper beneath, while the shaded parts keep off the light from the paper beneath, and it therefore remains white or of a lighter shade; and this process acts so uniformly and regularly in all the varying lights and shadows, that a picture is produced just the reverse of the first one, the most delicate lights and shadows being accurately represented as in nature. This is called a positive picture, and all the pictures on paper in the exhibition have been obtained by a similar process. As the transparency of the negative picture is of importance to obtain a good positive, some operators wax the negative to render it so. This is called the "waxed paper process." Others prepare the paper with albumen or white of egg. The most recent improvement is, however, the use of glass for the negative pictures. The glass is prepared either with albumen (white of egg) or with collodion, which is

made of gun-cotton dissolved in ether. This coating on the glass receives the chemicals to be acted upon by light. In the negatives taken on glass, the shadows are transparent, while the lights are opaque. The positive is then taken in the same manner as from a paper negative.

The negative picture taken on glass by collodion may, however, be made a positive itself; for the lights which are opaque are rendered so by a light-coloured coating or film. By laying the glass, therefore, on some dark substance, the transparent parts become dark, and the opaque parts light, and thus a direct or positive, and often very beautiful picture is obtained.

If we wish to ascertain the advantages or merits of the peculiar styles, we must know something of the process, and consider which is most capable of further improvement, and of supplying those imperfections which at present exist in the art. For pictures of a limited size and of a neutral tint we can scarcely imagine anything more perfect than the views exhibited by Mr. Owen, Mr. Buckle, and M. Constant, and the portraits of Mr. Sims. In the further progress of the art increased size, life, and colour, are the only desiderata. Of the production of colours, as in nature, there seems at present no sign in one process more than in the other. With regard to increased size, though the largest pictures in the exhibition were from paper negatives, we think that any one acquainted with all the processes, would find it more difficult to manipulate a very large sized picture with paper than with glass. There seems in fact scarcely any limit to the size of pictures on glass.

The next point, that of obtaining more life in the pictures, must have struck every one. How much would sheep and cattle add to the beauty of many of the landscapes, and figures to the architectural views; while in the eastern scenes we miss the natives in their characteristic costume to give life and reality to the whole. In this, the collodion process is infinitely superior to the paper, the former not taking more seconds than the latter does minutes; and as the pictures can be in every other respect obtained equally good, this alone must decide the question of its being the process which offers the greatest facilities for bringing the art to a yet higher state of perfection.

In this view the positive collodion process is superior even to the negative, and by it will probably be obtained the greatest triumphs in the delineation of living animal forms, and in catching the varying attitudes and expressions of the human figure.

Photographers owe to the Society of Arts the knowledge of what has been done and is doing, both at home and on the continent; and when the next exhibition takes place, we shall be able to judge what progress has been made in the direction in which we are now seen to be most deficient.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

It is in contemplation to open three new museums in the Louvre for the exhibition of furniture and other articles of the early Middle Ages, a large collection of which, belonging to the state, is now piled up in lumber rooms.—A subscription is on foot at the Junior United Service Club for the purchase of the picture of the *Battle of Waterloo*, with Wellington in the foreground, painted by the late Sir W. Allan, R.A.—Mr. Petrie, a name honourably connected with Irish antiquities, has just made what he is pleased to think a very important discovery,—that of two contemporary half-length portraits of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.—Mr. E. M. Ward has completed his picture of *The Execution of Montrose*, the first of the series in oils preparing for the corridor of the new House of Commons. The immediate situation is that in which Montrose is about to mount the scaffold, and the executioner is in the act of fastening Wishart's book round his neck.—*The Literary Gazette* says that a committee has been formed for raising a subscription for a memorial of Dr. Jonathan Pereira, the eminent pharmacist. It is proposed that a marble bust shall be executed, to be placed in the new college of the London Hospital, where Dr. Pereira was lecturer, and that an engraved portrait of the deceased shall be presented to subscribers. Mr. N. Ward is chairman of the committee, and Professor Redwood and Mr. Letheby treasurers.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE revival on Friday, the 18th ult. by the Sacred Harmonic Society of Handel's magnificent oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*, served to re-introduce Mr. Sims Reeves for the first time this season. Being in excellent voice, he produced a great effect on the audience. The other important solo pieces were entrusted to Miss Birch and Mr. H. Phillips. The subordinate parts were executed by Miss Deakin, Miss Huddart, and Mr. Williams. The band and chorus under Mr. Costa were, as usual, highly efficient.

Mr. Ella's second Musical Evening took place the preceding day at Willis's Rooms. The programme, which comprised the highest classical music, commenced with Haydn's delightful quartet in D, No. 70—one of the very best of this great composer's numerous productions of the same class. It was extremely well played and long applauded. Spohr's quintett in C minor, Op. 58, followed, and was done

ample justice to, great credit being due to Herr Pauer for the skilful and expressive manner in which he executed the chief part. Miss Dolby gave full effect to Miss Laura Barker's cantata, *Enone*, and Molique's thoroughly musician-like quartett in B flat. The concert terminated worthily with Herr Pauer's performance of Beethoven's pianoforte solo, Op. 34, in F. The executants were Molique, Mellon, Piatti, Goffrie, Pauer and Miss Dolby.

On the 16th, Herr Pauer gave the first of an announced series of three *Soirées Musicales* in the same rooms. Pauer performed Hummel's sonata in F sharp minor; Handel's second concerto; Beethoven's andante in F; Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso; the second part in Mozart's *Fantasia à quatre mains* in F minor, in which the first was played by Mr. Sterndale Bennett; a "Passacaille," with variations; and a new sonata for piano and violoncello, composed by himself, and assisted by Piatti. Pauer displayed a perfect mastery over the mechanical difficulties of his instrument, a firm and extremely vigorous touch, clear and brilliant execution of the florid passages, animation and breadth of manner. His sonata in C minor is highly creditable to his inventive capabilities. It consists of the usual number of movements, is bold and strongly marked in its rhythm, and includes many novel effects. He was ably assisted by Miss Dolby, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett.

Handel's oratorio of the *Messiah* was given on Monday, the 21st, for the first time by the Harmonic Union. A more magnificent array of choral and instrumental music could not possibly have been formed; and, under the direction of M. Benedict, they executed the oratorio with such perfect efficiency that the result was almost irreproachable.

On Tuesday evening, the 22nd, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett gave the second of his ninth annual series of performances of Classical Chamber Music, at the Hanover-square rooms. The selection was derived from Mozart, Schumann, Bach, and the pianoforte works of Mr. Sterndale Bennett. The instrumentalists were Molique, Piatti, Williams, Nicholson, Baumann, and C. Harper; the vocalist, Miss Dolby.

Mr. Charles Salaman began his classical *soirées* on Wednesday night, the 23rd, the concert taking place at the New Beethoven rooms, Queen Anne-street. The programme was plentiful in good things.

The same evening, Mr. Lucas, one of our most distinguished native musicians, a composer of no mean talent, and a performer on the violoncello of great ability, also commenced his series for the present season. The programme, which was very choice, embraced a pleasing diversity of styles, the elevated and mysterious beauty of Beethoven being placed in judicious contrast with the clearer graces of Mendelssohn and Haydn. The players were Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, Lucas, and Pauer, the latter having the pianoforte part in the quintett entrusted to him. Nothing could be more excellent than the performance of these gentlemen.

Herr Joseph Joachim recently made his first appearance at Berlin, at the second concert of the *Sternsche Verein*. It is unnecessary to say that he enraptured his audience. Herr Joachim possesses remarkable genius, and, though a very young man, is already, perhaps, the greatest living performer on the violin. His personal appearance is almost as remarkable as his genius. He has an awkward, embarrassed manner, and a half-shy, half-sulky expression of countenance, as if he was perfectly indifferent to everything about him. His career, though brief, is brilliant. He is a native of Pesth. He went early to Leipzig, and there, as a boy, engaged the attention of Mendelssohn, and became his favourite; was afterwards greatly distinguished by Liszt, in Weimar; and is now patronised by the King of Hanover, being his Majesty's concert-master.

Handel's Messiah. A New Edition, arranged by JOHN BISHOP of Cheltenham. London: Cocks and Co. Is a volume of convenient size, Mr. Bishop has presented to the musical world a new edition of *The Messiah*, with a complete book of the words prefixed, and an appendix, comprising the altered versions of several pieces in the work, produced at different times by this author, and of two others by Mozart. The alterations comprise some occasional changes in the pianoforte accompaniment; the placing of the scriptural references in the book of the words, instead of in the index as heretofore; and the adoption of a more accurate notation of the alto and tenor parts of the choruses, which in the folio edition are both placed in the treble clef, an octave higher than the real pitch, while in the present edition every note represents the actual sound intended to be produced—the treble clef, however, being still retained for the alto part, so as also to suit low treble voices, but the treble part standing in its own proper clef. It is very neatly printed, and will be a most valuable accession to the musical library.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

ON Tuesday last the House of Commons discussed the Bill proposing to limit the liabilities of the shareholders in the contemplated joint-stock association by which Her Majesty's Theatre was to be carried on. The Bill was thrown out on a second reading.—The daily journals have mentioned that H. R. H. the

Prince is about to augment, at his own expense, the number of the band of his own regiment to sixty performers.—That the Concerts of the Amateur Society are to commence for the season on Monday.—The recent disturbances at Milan have caused all the theatres to be closed. Just before they broke out a new opera by Muzzio, called *Claudia*, and founded on George Sand's work under that title, was produced.

—Mme. de Girardin's *Lady Tartuffe* was brought out at the Français last week. The reputation of the writer, the piquant title of the piece, and, not least, the name of the inimitable Rachel for the principal character, drew together a public *d'élite*. His Majesty the Emperor, accompanied by his imperial consort, honoured the performance with his presence. The piece is written with great care; the dialogue sprightly and elegant. With all its merits, however, it must be admitted that the success of *Lady Tartuffe* was greatly owing to the admirable manner in which the actors carried out the intentions of the authoress. In the first rank must be placed Mlle. Rachel, whose delineation of the principal character must be considered as among her happiest efforts.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

A COMPLETE collection of the "literary works" of the Emperor Napoleon the Great is being made at Paris. Napoleon, when young, was not unambitious of gaining literary reputation, and he employed his pen on tales and essays. Amongst them are "A Roman Corse;" a series of "Notes on my Infancy and Youth;" a tale or play called "The Earl of Essex;" "The Mask," an Eastern tale; "Giulio," a sentimental tale; and "A Dialogue on Love," rather free in thought and expression.—Signor Farini has published the fourth volume of his *History of the Roman States*. The first two volumes have already been translated by Mr. Gladstone.—A letter from Broussais states that Abd-el-Kader has commenced writing a religious work, to be called *Meditations on the Koran*.—A well-informed New York correspondent says:—"You will be glad to hear that there is a fair prospect of a Copyright Treaty. It has been negotiated by Mr. Everett with Mr. Crampton, and will soon be sent to the Senate, where I trust there will be influence enough brought to bear upon the question to secure its ratification."—The Prussian booksellers are, it is said, about to establish a grand book fair at Berlin, in order to be independent of that at Leipzig.

Mr. Seymour, M.P. has delivered a lecture to the members of the Salisbury Literary and Scientific Institution, on "The British Empire in India."—The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences at Paris has elected Mr. Macaulay as corresponding member in the room of Dr. Lingard.—It is rather a profitable thing, now-a-days, to be poet-laureate of the Empire. The heavy *epithalamium* has been rewarded with a present from the Empress of a gold watch set in diamonds, and by the Emperor with a purse containing 5000fr. in notes of the Bank of France.—The National Institute of France have presented, for the third time, Lalande's prize, of about 300 francs and a medal, to Mr. J. Russell Hind of Mr. Bishop's Observatory, for his discovery of the unprecedented number of four new planets during the past year.—Mr. Tooke has been elected a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences of France in the room of the late Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, author of the *Progress of the Nation*.

The inventors of gun-cotton, Professor Schönbein, of Basle, and Professor Bottger, of Frankfort, have made over their process of preparation to the Austrian Government for 30,000 florins, two-thirds of which fall to the share of the former, as having the priority of invention. The money has already been paid in Frankfort.—Captain Penny, the eminent arctic navigator, has succeeded in forming a company for the purpose of carrying on whale and other fisheries, and founding a permanent settlement in the arctic regions,—a scheme which has occupied his attention for a great number of years.—At the Geological Society on Wednesday evening, and last night at the Royal Institution, Mr. McDonnell, F.G.S. exhibited a water-worn nugget of pure gold, rather above standard, received from Victoria colony, South Australia, weighing about fourteen pounds, and valued at 650*l*.—A museum of bookbinding is about to be formed in the Louvre at Paris. The nucleus of it has been left by a M. Mottley, recently deceased. It consists of books of different sorts of binding from the infancy of the art down to the present time.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY LANE.—*Louis XI*: a Drama, in three acts, adapted from the French, by Mr. Markwell.

PRINCESS.—Revival of *Macbeth*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—French Plays

WHATEVER may be the capabilities of Casimir Delavigne's historical illustration of the "most Christian" and most cruel King, Louis XI. when served up in its mother tongue, we cannot pretend to say; its translation has proved a failure. However, *De mortuis*, &c. The piece has been withdrawn, and there is an end of it. Mr. Davenport exerted his

best ability to render a part attractive which had not within it the elements of success. Miss Vining as *Marie de Commine*, and Mr. Stirling as the *Duc de Nemours*, did all that was possible for intelligent artists to do, with characters devoid alike of interest and individuality. The language, indeed, throughout, was smooth and carefully polished, and this, possibly, misled the judgment of the manager. May better success attend Mr. Markwell in his next foray into France!

One of the many proofs that Shakspeare's name is destined to be sempiternal is this: that, while the works of all other dramatic writers of his time were constructed in the simplest possible manner, and had no mechanical requirements that could not easily be supplied by the rude stage machinery of the day, every new advance in the art of producing illusions and complicating scenic effects only serves to adorn and illustrate with greater force some picture or conception shadowed forth by Shakspeare's genius. To substantiate the truth of this, we may point to the late revivals of *King John* and *Macbeth* at the Princess's Theatre; and we cannot let the opportunity pass without congratulating Mr. Kean that he has turned his excellent knowledge of stage effect, and his taste for scenic magnificence, to some better purpose than the dressing of hobgoblins—to nobler subjects than *Pauline*, *The Corsican Brothers*, and *The Vampire*.

Having formed a theory of his own, by the collation of authorities, quoted *in extenso* upon a third side of the playbill, and which, if not absolutely convincing, are at least weighty enough to entitle his views to consideration and respect. Mr. Kean has discarded all the old stage conventionalities of hybrid architecture and Highland costume, and sets before us a picture far more suited to the wild and rugged nature of the age in which the action of *Macbeth* is supposed to lie. No more comfortable boudoirs for *Lady Macbeth*, nor richly decorated banquet-halls (which might have belonged indifferently to a crusader or to an Italian Sybarite of the fifteenth century); no more bands of retainers looking as if the snuff-shops of the neighbourhood were left unguarded, and their wooden defenders out upon parole. Cold, gloomy walls; vast, cheerless apartments,—not without a certain air of savage primitive splendour; men who look wild and uncultivated as their native hills; desperate, hardy, determined, muscular, fearless, Kernes; all these throw us into the tenth century, far, far away from the snuff-shops. The effect of this is, that *Macbeth* becomes invested with a mysterious grandeur peculiarly its own, and which can only be explained by a reference to itself and the *Prometheus Desmotes* of Æschylus. Nor has Mr. Kean been less successful in his treatment of the supernatural portion of the play;—more difficult, because more likely to be overdone. His witches are not mere brimstone hags, mumbling silly sorceries, in which they have no belief, over a kettle which, for aught *Macbeth* knows, may contain no "hell-broth," but a stew as savoury as that with which *Meg Merrilies* rejoiced *Dominie Sampson*; they are "bubbles of the earth" indeed, witches as genuine as those who entertained *Tom o' Shanter*; and as they grow upon the eye out of nothing, into which, after wild songs and devilish incantations, they speedily recede; as *Hecate* flies off upon her mission to the moon, and her "little, little airy spirits" are faintly heard chorussing an elfin refrain far far in the air, scepticism for a time is fairly vanquished, and for a moment we are tempted to believe in all the mysteries of the illuminated.

Some of the sour critics have been finding fault with the use made of *Banquo's* ghost, in which Mr. Kean has not much departed from the old tradition—except, indeed, to make more out of it. First of all we have it in the throne; and then it becomes visible in a stone pillar. The critics say that this apparition should share the fate of the "air-drawn" dagger, which formerly was wont to be dangled before *Macbeth's* nose; and one of them goes so far as to express hope that the *Ghost in Hamlet* will be banished too. Gently, gently, good master critic: *Banquo* if you will; there we quite agree with you. The guests at the banquet do not see the apparition; why should the audience? But when we come to the *Ghost in Hamlet*, and remember that it was a visible presence not only to *Hamlet*, but to those that were with him; having tender regard moreover to the received tradition that this was Shakspeare's own part, we must protest against any attempt to sweep the mailed ghost of *Hamlet's* royal sire from that proud preeminence which it has hitherto justly held (side by side with that of *Ninus*), over all other histrionic apparitions.

Of Mr. and Mrs. Kean's impersonations of *Macbeth* and his ungente wife, it is impossible to speak in too great commendation; the latter, by the adoption of a decided and almost masculine tone, and the assistance of a well-chosen costume, perfectly succeeded in destroying all the *prestige* of those more gentle and feminine parts with which she is wont to be identified, and which might have been harmful to her assumption of so rugged a character as *Lady Macbeth*. Mr. Ryder's performance of the short but most effective part of *Macduff* deservedly elicited the warmest expressions of admiration from the audience; and Mr. Cathcart left nothing to be desired in the difficult part of *Malcolm*. The singing of Mr. Drayton as

Hecate, and of his subordinate witches (not the least potent of whose charms was the liquid voice of Miss Poole), rendered ample justice to the exquisite music with which the supernatural action is adorned.

In thus noticing a revival, for which all admirers of Shakspeare are so deeply indebted to Mr. Kean, we would willingly have found that we had no single point upon which to exercise the less pleasing duty of a critic,—the finding of fault. We are sorry, however, to observe that some of Mr. Payne Collier's presumptuous emendations of Shakspeare's text have received the sanction of Mr. and Mrs. Kean's adoption. One, in particular, grated upon the ear as especially offensive—

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none—

says *Macbeth*; to which his wife tauntingly replies (so the common text hath it):—

What beast was't it then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?

And this very obvious sarcasm, consisting in the comparison between "man" and "beast" is utterly destroyed by Mr. Collier's emendation of—

What beast, &c.

Mr. Kean has not, we think, done well to put his trust in Collier.

The engagement of M. Ravel at the St. James's Theatre, is now finished, and to-night Mlle. Amédine Luther, one of the brightest ornaments of the *Gymnase*, is to make her first appearance. Since our former notice of M. Ravel and the pieces which have been selected for the illustration of his powers, little has occurred to need much dilution here. *Une Fiebre Brulante*, a broadly comic improbability in three acts, by M. Melesville, has been, perhaps, the most distinguished among the novelties. In this piece, M. Ravel portrays the unavoidable *gaucheries* of a bashful gentleman afflicted with an undue excitement in the presence of ladies. After ineffectually attempting to blow his brains out, seeing a little life under the guidance of three charming young *leurstes*, disguised as students, getting tipsy at a ball, throwing himself out of a third-storey window into a cartload of soot, and finally mistaking the overgrown wife of a Russian diplomatist for her young and charming sister, with whom he has become deeply enamoured by looking at her from the opposite window, he contrives to rid himself of his inconvenient malady, and to concentrate his diffuse admiration of the entire sex into an ardent attachment for the aforesaid young and charming person. That is all. But it is so neat, so absurdly comic, and so ridiculously improbable, that we are convulsed with laughter, and willingly accept certain eccentricities of meaning, which would be more than questionable if rendered into broad Saxon.

During his stay, M. Ravel has made himself a favourite with the *habitués* of the St. James's, and there are few who will not be glad to see him again. Meantime, *Adieu, M. Ravel, et, Mlle. Amédine Luther, soez la bienvenue!*

CYCLOPEDIA.—The moving Panorama of Lisbon and the Earthquake of 1755, which created so much sensation about two years since, is again produced, for a short time, at this establishment. The recorded phenomena, by land and sea, are given with, if possible, increased effect, and apparently with undiminished interest.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names, at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

ANTHONY (MARK), Artist, 18, Monmouth-road, Bayswater. Born 1817, in the parish of Chorton-on-Medlock, Manchester. Exhibited in the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, 1845, May Day; 1846, Sunday Morning; 1847, Harvest Home; 1848, Village Green; 1849, Killarney; 1850, Village Church; 1851, The Yew Tree.

HAWLEY (FREDERICK), Author, Shepperton-cottages, Uxbridge. Born at Portsmouth, 1827. Is of the Legal Profession, being articulated to a Solicitor. Author of—

The Royal Family of England.

An Improved Genealogical Chart. London: C. H. Law.

FRIDHAM (CHARLES) Author, Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, Barrister. Born in 1822, at Faringdon, Berkshire. Educated at Louth Grammar School, Lincolnshire. Entered at Lincoln College, Oxford, 1840. Placed on the foundation, 1841. Graduated B.A. 1844. Became Secretary of the Madras, Nellore, and Arcot Railway, &c. &c. in 1846. Published "Mauritius" in the same year. "Ceylon" in 1849. Entered at the Middle Temple, 1847. Called to the bar, 1851; about to join the Midland Circuit; practises as a correspondent for the recital of his adventures, and the perils he on that occasion underwent, see his "Kossuth and Magyarsland." Returned to England, December, 1850. Has now in hand the 4th volume of his Colonial work. Proceeds in the spring of 1852 to Schleswig-Holstein, with the view of collecting materials on the spot for another intended work, "The History of the Exode of the Anglo-Saxon Race, and its Dispersion throughout the two Hemispheres." Author of England's Colonial Empire, supposed likely to be comprised in 28 vols., three of which have already appeared, and a fourth is in progress. The first embraces Mauritius and its Dependencies, with map, and seal of the colony. Demy 8vo. London: Smith, Elder and Co. Cornhill. 1846.—The second and third, Ceylon, with large map and

seal. Demy 8vo. London: T. & W. Boone, New Bond-street. 1849.—Fourth volume to comprise Malta, Gibraltar, Heligoland, and the Ionian Isles.

Kossuth and Magyarsland, or Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary. Post 8vo. London: Madden, Leadenhall-street. 1851.

A contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and the author of several Papers in *Simmonds' Colonial Magazine*.

PRYSE (ROBERT JOHN).—Bardic name, Gweirdd Ap Rhys, B. B. D. Author and composer of Music and Poetry. Cae Crin, Llanrhyddlad, Anglesey. Weaver, Farmer, and Shopkeeper. Born at Llanbadrig, Anglesea, 1807. Self-taught. Learnt to write by interlining the old copies of his master's children when watching cows in the fields at summer-time, 1817, &c. Studied Welsh Grammar, 1822; English, 1825; Latin and Greek, 1830; Music and Versification, 1832; published his first work, "English-Welsh Pronouncing Dictionary," 1834; published his first efforts in Music and Poetry in the "Gwaladgarwr," about 1835; studied French Grammar about 1841; graduated B. B. D. at Aberffraw Royal Eldestford in 1849; studying German Grammar at present, 1851. Married, 1828, Grace, daughter of Mr. Wm. Edwards, farmer, of Llanflewlyn, Anglesea. Author of

An English Welsh-Pronouncing Dictionary, and Expositor of the English Language, in English and Welsh. 8vo. Bangor, 1834.

Annihynieth a Kenaduriaeth. 12mo. Llanrwst, 1841. Cyfwrwydd y Gymro i Dylsyr yr Iaith Seisnig (a Prize Essay). 12mo. Denbigh, 1849.

Barddas y Cymry. 8vo. Carnarvon, 1851.

Contributed Prose, Poetry, and Music to the following periodicals and books:—

Y Drysorfa, monthly, Chester; *Y Gwladgarwr*, monthly, Chester; *Y Seren Gomer*, monthly, Carmarthen; *Y Dysgedydd*, monthly, Dolgelly; *Y Ddirwestydd*, monthly, Liverpool; *Cronicle yr oes*, a newspaper, Holywell; *Y Cymro*, a newspaper, Bangor; *Cronicle y Cymdeithasem Crefyddol*, monthly, Dolgelly; *Y Protestant*, a newspaper, Bala; *Y Traetholgydd*, quarterly, Denbigh; *Y Gymraes*, monthly, Cardiff; *Yr Amercan*, a newspaper, Liverpool; *Y Briten*, a newspaper, Bala; Casgliad o dros Dwy Fil o Hymnau, Gan Samwel Roberts (a hymn book), Llanelli; Casgliad o Donau, Gan J. A. Lloyd (music), Liverpool; Felyn Sion, Gan R. Beynon, music, Merthyr Tydfil.

SANDERS (FRANCIS HADLEY), Author, High-street, Broomsgrove, Worcester-shire. Born at Broomsgrove, August 27, 1834; educated under the Rev. X. N. C. Paszkowicz, Hike Prior, afterwards of Rushock Rectory; completed education under Rev. J. Rousom, Stoke Ranson. At the age of nine years wrote several small poetical pieces; in 1848 wrote "Randolph Beaumont," a novel, and "Chatham House," a novel, in 1849; 1850, a volume of tales; 1851-2, a volume of poetry. None of the former are as yet published. Published

Clarence Leighton, or the Outcast; a novel. London: Whittaker and Co. 1851.

O why art thou said, my Love! song. London: D'Almaine and Co. 1851.

The Favourite Polka. London: Dalmaine and Co. 1852. Also, Alas! how poor are earthly ties. London: Butler. The Worcestershire Polka. Butler: London.

TUNSTALL (JAMES), Author, Queen's Parade-place, Bath, Physician. Born in London, 1813. Educated at Croydon, Surrey. Matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, 1831; Obstetric Medallist, 1833; M.R.C.S. 1834; graduated M.D. 1835. Elected Resident Medical officer of the Bath Hospital, 1843, which he resigned in 1850, when he was unanimously elected Physician to the Eastern Dispensary of Bath. In 1849 was appointed one of a committee to collect information for the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association relative to the indiscriminate sale of arsenic, and prepared a report upon which Lord Carlisle's Act was formed and passed in 1851. He was one of the gentlemen appointed for the organisation of Local Committees, and Bath Local Secretary for the Exhibition of 1851, wherein he exhibited a self-acting invalid chair on a novel principle. Ext. Member of the Hunterian Medical Society of Edinburgh, of the Council of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, and late President of the Bath Athenaeum. Married, 1850, Sophia, daughter of Isaac Brent, Esq. of Bathwick. Author of

Popular Observations on Sea Bathing. Painter. 1839. Rambles about Bath and its Neighbourhood. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1847. Second Edition, 1848. Third Edition, 1851.

The Bath Waters, illustrated. Bath: Everitt. 1849. The Bath Waters, their Uses and Effects in the Cure and Relief of various Chronic Diseases. London: Churchill. 1850.

Observations on the Sale of Arsenic, Bath. 1845.

A Letter to the Mayor of Bath on the Baths and Pump Rooms. 1850.

Contributor to the *Psychological Journal*, and various Medical and other Periodicals.

THE TOAD.—Popular tradition has from time immemorial attached a poisonous influence to the toad; but enlightened opinion presumed that the idea was an ignorant prejudice. All doubts, however, as to the poisonous nature of the contents of the skin-pustules of the toad and salamander lizard are set at rest by the recent experiments of two French philosophers, MM. Gratiolet and S. Cloez, who by inoculating various animals with the cutaneous poison of toads and salamanders, have demonstrated that the substance in question are endowed with well-marked and exceedingly dangerous qualities.

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DEATHS.

BAYARD.—In Paris, very suddenly, M. Bayard, the well-known author of the *Fils de Famille*, *La Reine de Seize Ans*, &c.

BELFAST, EARL OF.—Very recently, at Naples, after a short illness, the Earl of Belfast, author of *Lectures on Poetry*. Born at Edinburgh. The deceased was a native of Edinburgh, and was born in June, 1800.

HARRIS.—Suddenly, Mr. J. Harris, in his 56th year, an actor, who had been accustomed to perform with the Kembles, Kean, and Macready.

KAYE.—Dr. John Kaye, Bishop of Lincoln. Dr. Kaye was a somewhat voluminous writer of charges and sermons. Of his anonymous writings, two, at least, are pretty well known to controversial readers,—the *Remarks on Dr. Wiseman's Lectures*, and the *Reply to the Travels of an Irish Gentleman*.

MERLIN, COMTESSE.—Comtesse Merlin. She was of some note in the second or third rank of French writers, and was widely known in Parisian society. Her principal work is a sprightly account of a voyage to the Havannah.

SANDFORD.—Lately, the Rev. G. B. Sandford, late vicar of the parish of Church Minshull, near Middlewich. The members of the Historic Society will remember a long and interesting paper of his which appeared in the second volume of *The Proceedings and Papers*. It was an account of his own little parish, which is co-extensive with the township, and it was printed by the society as a specimen of the valuable contributions which many of the parochial clergymen might make. He was a sound churchman, as well as an intelligent historian and statistic, and was highly respected, even by the dissenting communities of his neighbourhood.

WEISS.—In Berlin, M. Weiss, one of the principal comic actors of Germany, and for many years attached to the Theatre Royal at Berlin. He belonged to the school of the celebrated Schroeder, and was of superior literary attainments. **WONTARSKI.**—At Moscow, Wasil Alexandrowitsch Wontarski, author of a novel called the *Fine Lady*; two dramas, called the *Minister* and the *Physician*; and of other works published in Russia.

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